THE LIVING AGE

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for July, 1934

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

AS EDITOR of the *Documents Politiques, Diplomatiques et Financiers*, Roger Mennevée has been responsible for more exposures of iniquity in high places than any other man in France. He has written a life of Sir Basil Zaharoff, and Francis Delaisi's articles on the munitions racket were appearing in his magazine long before *Fortune* made the topic a fashionable one. Two months ago we referred to M. Mennevée's contribution to the April issue of *Current History* entitled the 'Plot to Kill French Democracy,' and now we find him identifying the Rothschild banking interests as the most important powers behind the scenes in France. Such information as he presents about them never gets into the conservative French press and therefore rarely reaches the outer world, but it is common knowledge in France and goes far toward explaining why more trouble may be expected from that country in the course of the next few months.

LEOPOLD SCHWARZSCHILD, former editor of the liberal *Tage-Buch* and now editor of the *Neue Tage-Buch*, points out some resemblances between the commercial and financial policies of Germany and Russia. He argues that Dr. Schacht is taking Germany down the path that leads to 100-per-cent repudiation of all foreign obligations, although Mr. S. Parker Gilbert, former agent general for reparations and now a Morgan partner, said five years ago, 'Fundamentally, confidence has been restored, and Germany has been reëstablished as a going concern on a relatively high level of economic activity.'

SOME months ago we promised our readers that when more armament exposures were made, THE LIVING AGE would make them. This month, therefore, we reproduce from the Laborite *Daily Herald* of London a bird's-eye view of the armament racket in many parts of the world. The point we should like to emphasize in this connection is not that the arms makers are still doing business at their old stands but that their business is proceeding at such a rate that one cannot help anticipating war within a year or two.

A RECENT French visitor to Arabia throws some new light on the war between Ibn Saud and the Imam of Yemen. It should be explained that the British have been supporting Ibn Saud, partly in order to distract his attention from the oil fields in the north and partly because it is a cardinal point of British diplomacy to protect Mohammedanism in order to play off the 70,000,000 Indian Moslems against the 230,000,000 Indian Hindus. But Henry de Monfreid has discovered a new complication. The defeat of the Imam Yahya by Ibn Saud means the defeat of Italy, and the defeat of Italy means a victory for Japan, which has been penetrating Abyssinia, just across the Red Sea, where Italy had always hoped to extend its field of influence. Unwilling as England may be to permit Italy to establish a strong base near the Suez Canal, the prospect of Japanese influence extending to that vital bottle-neck of imperial communication would be far more alarming, and that, it appears, is exactly what Japan is doing to-day.

SEVENTEEN months ago the whole world followed the zigzag course of the Dutch cruiser *Zeven Provincien* when it fell into the hands of a mutinous crew who tried to bring the vessel into the port of Surabaya in Java. To-day, a Dutch resident of that part of the world tells the story of the mutiny, which was not fully known until a Dutch court recently sentenced the naval officers, who were im-

(*Continued on page 470*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

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The World Over

TO MAINTAIN British agriculture, which can neither feed nor employ one-third of Great Britain's population, the National Government has refused to allow the dairy products of New Zealand to enter the country duty free. The London *Economist*, consistent advocate of free trade, therefore takes the occasion to point out that increasing protectionist legislation not only dooms the nation to more unemployment and a lower standard of living but that even the attempts to encourage free trade within the Empire have failed. The Ottawa Conference, argues the *Economist*,

> could only have been justified if it had increased the value of interimperial trade without diminishing the value of the Empire's trade with the rest of the world. In fact, it has merely increased very slightly the proportion that interimperial trade bears to the dwindling total of the Empire's trade. And this diversion has been much more in the interests of the Dominions than of Great Britain. Our imports from the Empire increased from £247,400,000 in 1931 to £249,400,000 in 1933, but our exports decreased from £170,600,000 to £163,500,000. And the fact remains that between 1929 and 1933 our exports to the Empire declined by 50.9 per cent, while our imports from the Empire declined by only 32.9 per cent. The decline in our exports to foreign countries was not quite so great, but the decline in our imports from those countries was much greater.

The *Economist* takes particular exception to the plans of Major Elliot, Minister of Agriculture and advocate of Fascism:—

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> If we follow Mr. Elliot's insane advice and close our markets to imported food, the cost of living in Great Britain will rise, the national consumption will be diminished by the £200 millions or so a year normally received as interest on overseas debts, the export trade will vanish, and unemployment will infallibly increase. If, on the other hand, we open our food market to any country willing to take our exports in return, there will be a revival in exports, employment, and purchasing power, and we shall be able to import both empire and foreign foods without doing any harm whatever to the efficient British farmer. In any case, whether we like to call this empire free trade or not, there is no other way to lasting recovery, full employment, and a rising standard of living in this country.

To judge from recent by-elections the voters of Great Britain share the *Economist's* disgust with the National Government. Since Labor went down to defeat in October, 1931, it has won back six seats in Parliament, some of them in districts where Labor has never before won a majority.

THE DOUMERGUE CABINET in France has come up to the expectations of its reactionary supporters and has surprised some of its liberal opponents. General Weygand, chief of staff, has the support of Tardieu, Flandin, and Marin for his scheme to double the standing army by increasing the period of military service from one to two years, and it looks as if the national finances could stand the strain. The Government is taxing the lower income groups more heavily and at the same time lowering the tax rate on the larger incomes. The Doumergue Government has also helped the holders of government bonds, which advanced about 12 per cent in value between February and May. And the prospect of a Russian alliance has proved popular in almost every quarter. Foreign Minister Barthou's visit to Poland and Czechoslovakia early in May convinced him that France needed strong bulwarks against Nazi Germany. This represented a triumph for the more liberal Herriot, who has been urging the desirability of a Russian alliance on his more conservative fellow cabinet members ever since they assumed office.

THE FRENCH parliamentary committee that absolved the police of any blame in the riots of February 6 uncovered a network of political organizations reminiscent of pre-Nazi Germany. At the extreme Right stands the Royalist League of the *Action Française*, which has a separate and unpaid fighting organization of 70,000 members, known as the 'Camelots du Roi,' who have been advised to carry arms since the riots and have gained many new members. Ten years ago the reactionary deputy, Pierre Taittinger, established the Jeunesses Patriotes, which now claims 270,000 members and has an annual budget of a million and a half francs. Its purpose is to fight Communism and all revolutionary tendencies, by force if necessary. François Coty, the perfume manufacturer

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and newspaper publisher, established another anti-Communist association, the Solidarité Française, several years ago, but it has now cut loose from him and claims 180,000 members. This is the nearest thing to National Socialism in France, and it has won over some disaffected Communists and North Africans. The policy of the Solidarité is to oppose violence with violence, and, according to the police, it keeps its word.

The Croix de Feu, originally an association of ex-servicemen that had only 5,000 members in 1929, has grown sensationally. It is run on military lines, and its leader, Colonel de la Rocque, has asserted that at least three Frenchmen in four carry a revolver to-day. The largest ex-servicemen's organization, the Fédération des Anciens Combattants, corresponds to our own American Legion and has four million members. Lately it has adopted a political programme of primarily leftward tendencies, and 900,000 conservatives therefore broke away and formed a Union Nationale des Combattants of their own. Last but not least come the Socialist and Communist organizations, which have formed a united front from time to time against common enemies but which have never remained in agreement for long and have shown marked tendencies toward violence.

GERMANY ENTERS the second year of Nazi rule with the popularity of the new régime on the decline but with business activity on the upgrade. In April pig-iron production was the highest since the depression, coal output increased 18 per cent over last year, cement sales nearly doubled, dye exports and textile production advanced, per-capita food consumption is gaining, and steel exports to the Far East rose sharply. But her increased imports of raw materials indicate that Germany is preparing herself, as well as other nations, for war, and the new law forbidding peasants who earn less than 3,600 marks a year from leaving the land sets back the hands of the clock nearly a century. Freedom of choice of residence ranked with protection against arbitrary arrest and inviolability of the mails as one of the basic human rights that nineteenth-century Europe recognized, but the Nazis have tried to conciliate the poor peasants by calling them 'nobles' and giving them coats of arms displaying pigs, wheat sheaves, and other farm products. The well-to-do classes have benefited from Hitler's rule in other ways, too: dividend payments have increased slightly. But the most significant indication of Hitler's personal drift toward conservatism is the dissolution of the Storm Troops during July on the excuse that they need a month's vacation. Those Storm Troopers who have other jobs may find that they are permanently mustered out of the service, whereas the Reichswehr troops, who like Hitler personally but do not care for his brown-shirted private

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army, are likely to become the real masters of Germany more than ever before.

THE GROWING DEFICIT in the Italian budget forced Mussolini to order pay cuts ranging between 5 and 12 per cent for all workers and a 20 per cent cut for all ministers on forty-eight-hour notice. Married men with children, earning between $67 and $87 a month, have suffered 6 per cent and 8 per cent reductions, and, in order to enable them to carry on, rents have also been reduced 12 per cent, which was not done in 1930 at the time of the last important pay cut. Bachelors receive especially severe treatment. There are two million of them in Italy, and their special tax has just been increased 50 per cent. The state has tried to help matters by reducing the prices of the food sold in its own stores, and the coöperatives are following suit, but most of the poorer Italians buy on credit from individual shopkeepers and never get their bills fully paid. Municipal authorities have therefore gone back to the wartime practice of publishing fixed price lists, but the shopkeepers have got around this by excluding all the better grades of food, and, when they are arrested, they point out that the middlemen have not reduced their prices and that taxes and overhead charges remain fixed. At the same time that these economies were being put into effect, Hector C. Bywater, naval correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, was describing the remarkable progress of the Italian navy, which made him 'astounded at what has been achieved in the comparatively short interval' since Mussolini came into power. There are now in service or under construction 4 battleships of 21,900 tons, 7 heavy 10,000-ton cruisers, 12 light cruisers, 15 flotilla leaders, 40 modern destroyers, and 54 modern submarines.

THE FASCIST coup d'état, which has given Bulgaria a reactionary dictatorship backed by the army, is an event of the first importance. To Europe as a whole it means that Bulgaria will now recognize Russia, that the Macedonia revolutionary movement will be suppressed, thus creating better relations with Yugoslavia, and that Bulgaria will pass over from the Italian group of Balkan Powers and join the French group. And this shift, in turn, throws further light on the most important shift in the European balance of power to-day. With Russia on the threshold of the League of Nations, Europe is reverting to the 1914 line-up. France and Russia are weaving a web of alliances around Germany, which is again scheming to dominate Central Europe. Here is the way the *New Statesman and Nation* describes the German project:—

> A vast elastic area of Central and Eastern Europe, which might spill over into Asia, would become the privileged market of German heavy industry, which from

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this vantage ground would dominate the Old World. This ambition, which challenged at once the Comité des Forges and the French system of alliances, also struck at the Soviet and threw Russia and France together again. The fundamental fact is the almost volcanic capacity of the Ruhr industries for expansion. They financed the Nazi counterrevolution; to-day they are arming it; to-morrow may they not—indeed must they not—attempt to use it to conquer a European empire? If so, 1914 is certainly not far off.

But 1934 does not duplicate 1914 in every respect. To-day Bulgaria has joined the Franco-Russian group of Powers, which also have the support of many former Austrian and German subjects who now live in Rumania, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, and Poland. But impressive as the Franco-Russian bloc appears on paper, not one of the so-called 'Succession States' has a government even as strong as the Austro-Hungarian monarchy of 1914. And Bulgaria with its rebellious Macedonians and its powerful underground Communist movement may turn out to be the weakest link in the chain.

TWO RIVAL TRUSTS, the Mitsui and the Mitsubishi, dominate Japan's economic and political life, but their spheres of influence had never been clearly defined until Mr. T. Tachibana, one of the country's leading economists, brought out his latest book, *Survey of Crimes Committed by Political Parties*. Here it is stated that the Mitsui interests control the conservative Seiyukai Party and that Mitsubishi controls the liberal Minseito Party. Mr. Tachibana draws these distinctions between them:—

Mitsui has its greatest interest in commercial enterprise with the Mitsui Bussan Kaisha as the largest and pivotal operation, which controls a very large number of subsidiaries and affiliated industrialists throughout the country. But Mitsubishi is more engaged in financial operations and heavy industry than in commercial deals. It controls only a few commercial firms, whereas it directs a decidedly larger number of banking institutions and insurance companies, among which the Tokyo Marine and Fire Insurance Company stands out very predominantly, together with such heavy industries as shipbuilding, mining, and the like, which occupy an almost exclusive part of the whole manufacturing industries of Mitsubishi. Consequently, Mitsubishi always covets a financial policy that affords more protection to the financial capitalist than to the industrial capitalist. It is, therefore, no wonder that policies totally in favor of financial capitalists were introduced into the financial platform of the Minseito Party by the late Finance Minister Junnosuke Inouye, a protégé of Mitsubishi.

But the partiality to the financial capitalist is unwelcome, or even detrimental, to the interest of Mitsui, which has its predominant concern in commercial enterprise and controls a very large number of major and minor industries of various kinds. Cotton textile and other miscellaneous manufacturing constitute by far the preponderant part of the whole industrial operations of Mitsui as distinct from insurance business, the largest factor in the enterprises of Mitsubishi. It is for this reason that Mitsui has recourse to more intense protection of home industry and

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that the Seiyukai Party proceeds with such protectionist policies as directly or indirectly benefit local production—for example, the restriction of imports, the five-year industrialization plan intended to lower production costs and bolster up export trade, the control of home production, the imposition of a protective tariff, the subsidizing of home manufacturing, the increase in the output of gold bullion, the national control of rice, silk, marine products, and other principal staples, and the relief of the agricultural population. This party advocates an embargo on gold export and a positive economic policy embodying the floating of a huge national loan, undoubtedly in order to provide industrial capitalists with better surroundings. These policies make a striking contrast to those that have been held up by the Minseito Party, such as the stabilization of the yen exchange and an increase in the international receiving account and free gold system, which will apparently benefit the financial capitalists of the country.

The Seiyukai Party not only supports the so-called 'positive' policy in Manchuria, it contrived the overthrow of the Minseito Government in 1931 and at once suspended the gold standard. Because the Mitsui interests had been speculating on the decline of the yen, they made so much money that they were able to pour huge sums into the Seiyukai Party's election campaign of 1932 and win control of parliament away from the Mitsubishi interests and the Minseito Party. Mr. Tachibana therefore moralizes as follows:—

The Seiyukai has been advocating an economic policy that was professed by itself as 'positive' in its practical effect, while the other was what was described by people as 'negative.' Obviously, these policies are nothing more than plausible expressions of the intrinsic desires of the big capitalists, which the two parties represent in politics. If the true motives of the political parties were brought unrelentingly into broad daylight, people would hardly be able to find anything that would endorse the sincerity of the politicians for proper politics, fine constitutionalism, and the betterment of national life. It may rather be said that they have completely succumbed to the yoke of the capitalists and have nothing to offer in the way of distinct policies for their political platforms. It was in reality with a view to benefiting their financial supporters that in the past they put and then removed the ban on gold export, floated enormous loans, and put into force numerous other financial measures on the ostensible grounds that they were of absolute necessity for the welfare of the nation at large. I may assert that the two parties differ to some extent in their platforms, at least as far as their financial policies are concerned, simply because they represent the interest of different capitalists—financial capitalists and industrial ones.

A CONTRIBUTOR to the Conservative *Daily Telegraph* of London, who signs himself 'A Wheat Expert,' brings forward figures from Soviet sources to show that Russia will succeed in growing as much wheat in 1934 as in 1913 but that the production of rye is declining and that the number of livestock has been cut in two. The wheat acreage in the Soviet Union to-day is estimated at 100,000,000 acres and wheat production for the current year at 880,000,000 bushels, of which about 40,000,000 bushels will be exported as compared with 122,000,000 in 1913 when the

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total harvest was the same as this year's. But while wheat acreage has surpassed the pre-war figure, the yield per acre lags slightly. Total acreage was 262,500,000 acres in 1913, 340,750,000 acres in 1931, 336,000,000 in 1932, and 324,250,000 acres in 1934. The following figures show the number of livestock on Russian farms:—

	1916	1929	1932	1933
Cattle	58,900,000	68,100,000	40,700,000	38,600,000
Sheep and Goats	115,200,000	147,200,000	52,100,000	50,600,000
Pigs	20,300,000	20,900,000	11,600,000	12,200,000
Horses	35,100,000	24,000,000	19,600,000	16,600,000

The Russians themselves admit the gravity of the livestock problem, which they have tried to meet by allowing peasants who join collective farms to keep their own animals instead of slaughtering and eating them. But the *Daily Telegraph* forgets that many Russian peasants have quit the land and entered industry, so that to-day in Russia less human labor is required to produce the same amount of wheat that was grown in 1913.

AUSTRALIA HAS TAKEN cognizance of its dependence on the rest of the Orient by sending its Foreign Minister, John G. Latham, as head of a mission to visit the Dutch East Indies, China, Japan, French Indo-China, and the Philippines. Never before has the Australian Government sent a delegation to any foreign country, and it is significant that Mr. Latham fell all over himself assuring the Japanese how highly they were regarded by the six million white inhabitants of a continent to which only Anglo-Saxons are permitted free access although it could support ten times its present population. Mr. Latham assured the people of Japan over the radio that 'the Australian Eastern Mission does not come to Japan in order to buy or sell goods,' but the sole result of his visit was that it set in motion negotiations for a trade agreement. Last year Australia exported goods valued at 240 million yen to Japan and imported goods valued at 51 million yen. 'This unnatural and one-sided situation must be adjusted,' commented the *Hochi* of Tokyo. Another and more influential Tokyo daily, the *Asahi*, expressed even greater dissatisfaction:—

> To be frank, we expect more from Australia than Australia expects from us. In other words, there is more in Australia with which Japan is dissatisfied than there is in Japan with which Australia is dissatisfied. We have no mind to reopen the question of tariffs between Japan and Australia. Neither have we any wish to discuss the 'White Australia' doctrine. What we do wish to point out is the conditions imposed on the Japanese seeking entry into that country. It is clear that these conditions have been inspired by prejudices against Japan and the Japanese. It would be too much to expect the visit of Mr. Latham to lead to a speedy realization by Japan of her legitimate aspiration. Still, we hold that if there is anything vitally wrong in our relations with Australia it is Australia that is largely at fault.

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Surprisingly enough, we find the editor of the Tory *Saturday Review* of London lecturing the Australians in much the same vein:—

> There is no question of the severity of Japanese competition in the market of manufactured goods. We have all experienced the joys of cheap Japanese socks, jackets, and other articles. But the public, apparently, will not recognize that Australia, and not England, is the party to be satisfied. Need we ask ourselves if we shall impose a tariff or a quota against Japan? I myself prefer the simplicity of a tariff to the vexations of a quota, but it is not only the English market to be considered. Australia is a prime factor in the settlement of the question. Now Australia has laid it down as a law, as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, that no colored laborer, black or yellow, shall put foot in Australia. Whether this restriction to keep out colored labor is wise I do not know. I would merely point out that if they were content to admit Chinese or Japanese labor their whole problem of the development of Queensland would long ago have been settled and that province would now be ten times richer than it is. Equatorial or tropical provinces can be developed only by colored labor, as white men cannot stand working in the tropics. However, that is a matter for the Australians themselves to settle. I only point out that before satisfactory trade relations are established between Japan and the British Empire Australia must in the first instance be consulted and satisfied, otherwise we are only wasting time and beating the air.

It should be pointed out that the *Saturday Review* has consistently supported Sir John Simon's pro-Japanese policy in the Far East and has never ceased protesting against the abrogation of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. To-day Japan invades China, hoping to find there the outlet for her surplus population, which Australia refuses, while the editor of the *Saturday Review*, eager to divert Japan from Britain's preserves in China, remarks, 'The Japanese are clever and industrious, and Australia will do well to admit them.'

WRITING in the American-owned *China Weekly Review* of Shanghai, George K. T. Wang throws still more light on Great Britain's anxiety for Australia. It seems that 'a certain influential Chinese leader' who fought against Japan in Manchuria has just returned from a tour of investigation through Indo-China, Burma, the Straits Settlements, the Dutch East Indies, and the Philippines and reports that work on the Singapore naval base is proceeding rapidly. Five thousand men had been supposed to complete this fortification between 1937 and 1939, but now 15,000 men are working at top speed in the hope of finishing the job by 1935. Two airports, one at sea and one on land, will accommodate at least 1,000 war planes, and the secret conference of admirals held early in the year at Singapore decided to take three steps in case of an emergency: first, the base itself and the crown colony at Hong Kong will be protected; second, if Japan invades North China British naval forces will concentrate in South China waters; third, close connections will be established with the Dutch naval forces in the East Indies. What chiefly

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alarms the British is that Japanese advisers are replacing Frenchmen and Englishmen in Siam, and the Japanese Government is said to have delivered this message to Siam:—

> We are the two leading strong nations in eastern Asia, and we should therefore assume the heavy responsibility of maintaining 'peace and order' in this part of the world. If the Siamese agree with us and coöperate with us, then you need not worry about the pressure exerted by the French on your eastern border or by the British on your western and southern boundary. We Japanese will stand behind you and protect you from being exploited or swallowed up by the European imperialists. But, if you don't coöperate with Japan, your small country will be occupied as rapidly as the imperial troops occupied Fengtien Province.

Mr. Wang's Chinese friend also reported that the Japanese are planning to build a canal across Siam that would enable the Japanese fleet to pass into the Indian Ocean without having to get by Singapore.

NOT ALL ENGLISHMEN, however, anticipate or even desire war with Japan. The London *Financial News*, for instance, expressed the point of view of the banking fraternity when it recently declared:—

> At this psychological moment, the British Government should try to create a gentleman's agreement with Japan to take the place of the erstwhile Anglo-Japanese alliance, which was scrapped at the Washington Conference of 1922. . . . The parties responsible for abandonment of the Anglo-Japanese alliance are the United States and Canada. America, however, has more recently been strengthening her friendship with Japan, leaving Britain behind.

Shortly afterward, Mr. Vernon Bartlett, liberal commentator on foreign affairs for the British Broadcasting Corporation, had one of his speeches censored on the ground that it was 'anti-Japanese' and soon afterward was dismissed for good. It so happens that Colonel Alan Dawnay, whose brother, Major General Guy Dawnay, is a director of Vickers and chairman of the board of another armament company, had just been made 'Controller of Output' of the British radio and had announced that the British Broadcasting Corporation would advance 'the interests of the British Empire.' Under the National Government these interests have become synonymous with the interests of the armament makers. Elsewhere in this issue an article from the *Daily Herald* informs us that aviation shares have boomed during the past year, and another item in the same paper shows that De Havilland, Handley Page, and Napier shares have more than doubled in the past twelve months and that British armament makers have been passing on orders from Japan to subsidiary companies in India, partly in order to take advantage of cheap Asiatic labor and partly in order to keep their activities out of the public eye. The report that Japan plans to launch an attack on southern China this autumn has stimulated these activities.

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The foremost muckraker in France takes the Stavisky case apart to see what made it tick and announces that the Rothschild family supplied the works.

The Rothschilds *and* Stavisky

By Roger Mennevée

Translated from the *Documents Politiques*
Paris Topical Monthly

In the *Papers and Correspondence of the Imperial Family*, published under the auspices of the provisional government of September 4, 1870, we read: 'The financial connections between Prince Louis-Napoléon and the Emperor, on the one hand, and the House of Rothschild, on the other, were unbroken, at least since 1848.' Then follows a curious list of advances of capital, of loans made by the Rothschilds to the man who became, or who had become, Napoleon III, and, although some of the advances permitted the borrower to speculate on the stock exchange, there were others the destination of which remains unknown but of which one can form some idea merely by comparing dates.

In short, the Rothschilds made no secret of their sympathy for an authoritarian régime. Thus, on the day after the coup d'état of December 2, 1851, Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild, while talking to Count Rodolphe Apponyi, the Austrian Ambassador in Paris, congratulated himself on the political operation of the preceding day and did not doubt that Bonaparte's coup would be successful. Moreover, some weeks afterward, the Rothschilds expressed the opinion that the measures of repression taken by the Prince-President were not brutal enough.

Baroness James de Rothschild, wife of the head of the French branch of the Rothschild family of that time, accused the President of having played into the hands of the revolutionaries. 'To continue along the path that he has taken,' she said, 'the President must keep frightening us by resorts to demagogy. Consequently, he cannot abandon this line entirely. Indeed, he will not save society this way, I fear, but will ultimately lose out when he

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comes to apply his own personal policy. To-day, he has released thirty-six *Montagnards*, Eugène Sue among them, and—what is still more significant—that horrible Crémieux.'

And, if we recall the political line that the Prince-President followed, we shall discover that the Baroness de Rothschild was rather exigent in not being satisfied with the precautionary measures taken by the new government. Perhaps she would have liked to see a new white terror. True, the political ideas of the Rothschilds seemed to be completely subordinate to their own advantage, since the same diplomat notes two weeks later, on November 30, that the Baroness de Rothschild judged events more calmly and that 'an atmosphere of calm now pervades the Rothschild banks because of the enormous business they are doing at this period of rising security values, with which their portfolio is filled.' One is therefore less astonished to learn that by a somewhat curious coincidence the Rothschilds had more or less direct connections with the elements that aided the Fascist uprising of February 6. Of course, they are not the only members of the financial or industrial oligarchy, but it can be said that some of their representatives played an outstanding part.

It must be observed at the outset that the Stavisky affair and the attendant scandal broke at a somewhat delicate hour for the oligarchic powers that the Rothschilds unquestionably supported. I am referring to the big railway companies. We find a great many Rothschilds on the board of directors of the Chemins de Fer du Nord, among them Baron Edouard, the present head of the French branch of the great international bank, Barons Robert, James, Armand, and Henri, members of the French branch of the family, and Barons Anthony and Lionel of the English branch. Furthermore, the board of directors of the Chemins de Fer de l'Est includes Baron James de Rothschild, and the board of the Paris-Lyon-Mediterranean line includes Baron Robert de Rothschild.

To these individuals must be added the representatives of other great banks or oligarchic financial organizations, which are more or less officially connected with the Rothschild bank. Thus, on the Chemins de Fer de l'Est we find William d'Eichtal and Baron de Nervo, both of whom belong to the Mirabaud banking group, several members of which also belong to the boards of directors of other railway companies, M. Eugène d'Eichtal and M. Puerari being connected with the Midi railway, Mirabaud with the Paris-Orléans line, and so forth. I have already mentioned the close connection between the Mirabaud bank and the Rothschild bank. Indeed I might even speak of the subordination of the former to the latter if I did not fear that my thought might be misinterpreted. Moreover, the real direction of the railway companies is assured by a special organization known as the Comité de Direction des Grands Réseaux Français, now installed at 42, rue de Châteaudun, Paris. Baron Edouard de Rothschild is the all-powerful master of this outfit.

On the one hand, there is no concealing the fact that an important, and perhaps the most important, cause of the deficit in the French budget arises from the obligation of the Government to cover the deficit

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of the big railways, which comes to more than 5 billion francs a year, a deficit that is due to outmoded methods. These railways pay no attention to public finance or the general interests of the country and do nothing except constantly increase their fares and establish a monopolistic control. On the other hand, the terrible Lagny catastrophe, in which more than two hundred victims paid with their lives for the senile impotence of the railway directors, gave rise to an outburst of public indignation so intense that the Government had to give assurances through M. Raynaldy, Minister of Justice in the Chautemps Cabinet, that 'energetic measures' would be taken against the responsible parties, whoever they might be.

All these factors gave strong support to the accusation of inefficiency raised against the great French railways by certain deputies of the Left and extreme Left, so much so that one could say that in December, 1933, the oligarchic rule of the railways had almost ended. But this was something that the rulers could not accept, and necessary measures were worked out in various conferences attended by the directors of the Comité des Grands Réseaux. The influence of this committee on the French press is not perhaps as well known as public interest demands. By cash payments, by free tickets or permits to travel at reduced rates distributed so generously that certain newspapers receive more than a hundred of these permits, the Comité des Grands Réseaux exercises over the newspapers, large and small, a negative influence that makes for silence in the event of accidents or unfavorable stories and a positive influence in behalf of stories favorable to the interests of associated directors. In any case, the Comité des Grands Réseaux is an extremely powerful organization, and various curious revelations have been made about it that will have to be discussed sooner or later.

The reader will understand that under these conditions silence followed the Lagny catastrophe just as rapidly as possible, whereas the Stavisky affair was given the full political and journalistic display necessary to distract public attention. The violent campaign conducted against M. Raynaldy by newspapers devoted to specific interests appears in a curious light when we recall what I have said about his intention to investigate all those responsible for the Lagny catastrophe. There was also a singular community of political ideas between the men behind the big French railways and those who used the Stavisky affair to launch an anti-republican campaign. Here again, if I were not afraid that my meaning would be exaggerated, I should be inclined to say that this community of interest went so far as to be an identity of interests, perhaps even an identity of individuals. And an overzealous subordinate gave rise to a grave suspicion that what I have said is true on the very day after the tragic evening of February 6.

II

On February 7, Daladier and Frot, the one as the head and the other as a member of the Government, thought it necessary to give 50 thousand francs to the Hospital for the Guardians of the Peace to defray the expenses of caring for thousands of wounded police. The president of the board of

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directors of the Hospital for the Guardians of the Peace, stepping a little outside his own rôle, did not hesitate to refuse this gift and wrote a disdainful letter that the large newspapers naturally published with comments. By a strange coincidence this president was none other than M. Baudy de Nalèche, director of the *Journal des Débats*, which is under the joint control of the Rothschilds and the de Wendels. Furthermore, we find that the de Wendels and the Rothschilds are co-directors of the Chemins de Fer de l'Est. It might be imagined that, if M. de Nalèche took such pity on the victims of the February 6 riots, he might also have taken some pity on the two hundred and fifteen people who were killed in the Lagny catastrophe and might even ask that all those responsible for that catastrophe be discovered and punished. But M. de Nalèche was not blind to the fact that Baron James de Rothschild and M. Guy de Wendel are directors of the Chemins de Fer de l'Est, and this gives what seems like a cogent explanation of the discretion that M. de Nalèche and the *Journal des Débats* showed when it came to seeking out the men responsible for the catastrophe.

But one also gains a better understanding of why M. Flandin, Minister of Public Works in the Doumergue Cabinet, which was imposed as a result of the reactionary uprising of February 6, did what was necessary during the final questionings on this catastrophe to obtain a vote that actually conceals the responsible parties. These men were not the working personnel, nor the technical experts, but the directors of the company and the Comité de Direction des Grands Réseaux and especially their real animators—the Rothschilds.

During recent years we have had occasion to study a certain occult organization directing French policy known as the Redressement Français, and we have made very clear the essentially reactionary and oligarchic character of its activity. We have thus unmasked the atmosphere of uncertainty that the directors of the Redressement Français tried to create in democratic circles, but one curious suggestive fact stands out: for several years powerful interests have caused the Redressement Français to show more and more reserve in its propaganda, at the same time using to their advantage one of the most active occult elements in the foreign and domestic policy of France. These influences brought into play certain dominant figures in army circles, who are also omnipotent in the French Foreign Office. In short, one needs only glance at the commissions set up by the Redressement Français to discover the most reactionary characters in the world of French militarism and diplomacy. Hence, it becomes clear why the Redressement Français has always violently opposed the policy of European reconciliation and has been equally hostile to democratic reforms in domestic policy. Especially since 1932 the Redressement Français has maintained unceasing propaganda to destroy the republican victory of that year and to set up a ministry of 'national union,' an idea that never entered anyone's head when M. Tardieu or his friends were in power.

The climax came when Herriot appealed in behalf of the Ministry of Finance to one of the leading charac-

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ters in the Redressement Français, M. Germain-Martin, whose programme was so essentially backward that it immediately aroused almost unanimous opposition to the Herriot Cabinet among the parties of the Left. At the time, I asked whether these activities of Germain-Martin did not correspond to a preconceived plan of the Redressement Français, the purpose of which was to create a split in the French democratic camp. We should be the less astonished that, at the same time, the Redressement Français made rather jesuitical propaganda for the idea that the parliamentary state had failed, accusing parliament of extravagances that had an important influence on the budget crisis. One of the most active members of the Redressement Français is M. Jacques Bardoux, who conducts a continual campaign in the papers to which he contributes, from the *Temps* to the *Capital*, against parliamentarism, denouncing 'the bankruptcy of the executive' or 'the servitude of elected officials' along with a no less violent campaign of gross chauvinism against Germany. It is therefore logical that the Redressement Français should participate in organizing the reactionary plot that came to a head on February 6 and that led to the establishment of the Doumergue Ministry in which—and this is not the least important point—the Redressement Français is represented not only in the form of one of its parliamentary members, Germain-Martin, but in one of its most notorious sympathizers, Marshal Pétain, Minister of War.

Nor are we surprised to find the Committee of Investigation revealing that an agreement had been reached between the Redressement Français and the other reactionary organizations that put on the uprising of February 6. Indeed, the Redressement Français did not conceal itself and had no fear of plastering the walls of Paris and the provinces with the following appeals, which were reproduced by the big newspapers, and especially the *Temps*, on February 9:—

For French Recovery

'The Redressement Français demands that after the tragic errors that have been committed a government should be set up that, above all, is inspired by the intention of offering to public opinion guarantees of moral probity, impartial order, and competence. The purpose of such a government would be to safeguard the peace, to prepare for a reform of the state, and, if new elections are judged necessary, to present the country with a plan of constitutional reform. The head of this government should be surrounded by advisers and collaborators from every walk of life—not merely members of parliament but outsiders. The duty of parliament is to vote the budget within a few sittings and then allow the nation to examine closely the problem of reforming its institutions. Only a prompt effort at discipline on the part of parliament can allay the growing irritation of public opinion.'

Now who, or what, does the Redressement Français represent? Who are the men who animate it and give it orders? We have already thrown some light on this subject in earlier articles, but it is worthwhile repeating that one would like to know the

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real financial backers of the Redressement Français, for then one could see how 'disinterested' this organization is politically, economically, or socially.

Certain names are so closely allied to the special interests they represent that they have a definite meaning. There is Ernest Mercier, founder of the Redressement Français and its president since the beginning of this year, who is a great oil and electricity magnate. There is Max Hermant, president of the Central Insurance Committee. There is M. de Lavergne, general secretary of the Confederation of French Production, and Jacques Bardoux, a member of the boards of various corporations belonging to the Comité des Forges. Above all, there are Lambert-Ribot, Picard, and Mireaux of the Comité des Forges, which we have already found represented on the boards of the Grands Réseaux de Chemins de Fer, of the *Journal des Débats*, and of the *Temps*—in the person of M. Mireaux. But, most suggestive of all, we again find that the Comité des Forges is associated with the Mirabaud-Rothschild group in that they both belong to the Redressement Français.

For when M. Mercier quit the presidency of the Redressement Français at the end of 1932 and was named honorary president, he was replaced by M. Marcel Champin, one of the principal figures in the Mirabaud banking group, which has close relations with the Rothschilds. Thus the question arises whether the Rothschilds are not directly subsidizing the Redressement Français. Do not these facts shed singular light behind the scenes of the February 6 uprising, and are we not right in being astonished that the parliamentary committee investigating these affairs has paid no attention to them? But now for some still more suggestive revelations.

III

I have already indicated in previous articles the all-important rôle played by M. Chiappe as one of those immediately responsible for these events and also to the previous anti-republican politics of the former prefect of police. Among the instruments with which Chiappe has surrounded himself we should mention in particular the Carbuccia group of publications, named for their director and backer, Horace de Carbuccia, now deputy from Corsica and Mme Chiappe's son-in-law. This group includes the publishing house of the *Editions de France* and two publications, a monthly review, the *Revue de France*, and a literary weekly, *Gringoire*.

The rôle of these publications, and especially of *Gringoire*, in the anti-republican campaign used to be and still is considerable. It is from these offices, which receive special information from M. Chiappe's files, that all the defamations and all the most unfounded assertions against parliamentary institutions and politicians of the Left emerge, including even reprints of fantastic stories about freemasons. Let me make it clear that I do not consider our present political institutions perfect. But, just the same and in spite of everything, the republic has made France stand in the eyes of the world as a lofty liberal figure, and let me recall once again that it was when the republican block of the Left was governing the country between 1904 and 1911 that

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all the Great Powers—England, Italy, Spain—solicited alliance or friendship with France. Of course, I am aware that there are a good many *arrivistes* among the politicians of the Left, and not many idealists. There are even a number of mangy sheep, whom French democracy should have done away with long ago. But have n't the other parties their drawbacks, and are the people who range themselves behind the Millerands, the Tardieus, the Flandins, the Lémerys —to mention no more names—in a position to speak of probity and public honesty?

IV

I have all the more reason to be astonished at the cynicism of these professors of virtue because I did not wait for the Stavisky affair or the events of February 6 to denounce publicly in these columns, and elsewhere, those Left-wing politicians who were suspect. Who, if not I, has expressed the clearest reservations about that parliamentary advocate known as André Hesse? Who, if not I, was amazed when Painlevé chose Hesse as Minister of Colonies in 1925? Must I again mention Chautemps, whose duplicity I have often referred to, as well as to the actions of his most immediate supporters? What were the people who are so outraged to-day doing and saying? One does not need to dig back through many newspapers to discover panegyrics in behalf of those politicians just as blatant as the present attacks and just as biased. When the Daladier Cabinet was established, de Carbuccia's publications were filled with compliments to its leader and to M. Frot, compliments that suddenly turned into the foulest abuse on the day after Chiappe had been dismissed. The question arises whether de Carbuccia is in a position to advocate bringing dignity and honesty back to France.

We shall have occasion to refer to this again at greater length, but to-day, since I am chiefly concerned with examining the rôle of the Rothschilds in French pre-Fascism, I shall confine myself to stating that the great Jewish bank was among the backers of a publishing company that was interested in the publications under de Carbuccia's authority. The Banque Rothschild Frères holds shares in the Société de la *Revue de France* to the extent of at least seventy thousand francs. The company that maintains the *Revue de France* was founded early in 1921 by M. Marcel Prévost and Raymond Recouly. The Rothschilds provided the title, *Revue de France*, and the work that had been done with a view to founding the company and publishing the review. Prévost and Recouly brought to the venture their own connections and personal position, as well as a certain financial support that they had gathered or that they could count upon. At the same time a company known as the Crété Printing Co. provided its industrial and business organization to facilitate the 'economic' distribution of the review through its sales outlets and publicity equipment. The original capital behind the *Revue de France* came to 1,400,000 francs in 280 shares of 5,000 francs each, of which 75 were given out in partial return for services rendered and 205 in return for cash.

The list of backers is most suggestive and revealing, and we shall certainly have occasion to refer to it

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again. One thing is beyond discussion. The Rothschild bank figures on the list with ten shares, costing 50,000 francs. But the Rothschild control did not end there. The following year the Société de la *Revue de France* added 410,000 francs to its capital and issued 82 new shares at 5,000 francs each, which were taken by twenty individuals and corporations, among them the Rothschild bank, which took four shares, costing 20,000 francs. One interesting point in this operation is that the same Rothschild-de Wendel combination appears that we already discovered on the *Journal des Débats*, for when the *Revue de France* added to its capital the company called Petits-Fils de F. de Wendel also subscribed for four shares at a cost of 20,000 francs.

Let no one say that these are trivial sums. We know too much about the French press not to recognize their real importance. Moreover, the facts fit. Between the anti-parliamentary and anti-republican campaigns of the *Journal des Débats* and de Carbuccia's publications, including the *Revue de France*, there was too much connection for the whole affair to be a matter of luck and for the de Wendel-Rothschild interests that participated in both groups not to enjoy a powerful influence along with other oligarchic interests. In any case, one cannot deny the presence of the Rothschilds in these political, economic, and journalistic enterprises—the *Journal des Débats*, the *Revue de France*, the Comité des Grands Réseaux, and the Redressement Français, all of which are engaged in essentially reactionary activity at the present time and form the base of the powerful campaign against French democracy. Thus, the Rothschilds of 1934 join hands with their ancestors of 1851 in their active sympathy for coup d'état governments.

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Here is advance news of Germany's default, of the latest lap in the international arms race, and of Japan's penetration of Africa by way of Ethiopia.

ALARMS *and* Excursions

Dispatches from Three Fronts

I. Germany Repudiates

By Leopold Schwarzschild

Translated from the *Neue Tage-Buch*, Paris German-Émigré Weekly

After the Bolshevists had gained power in Russia, they announced that the country's foreign debt was repudiated. Ever since this declaration no foreign loan contracted by the former government, no foreign obligation of any Russian citizen were paid either in respect to interest, dividends, or amortization. This dispossession of foreign capital made the Soviet Government unpopular for some time. It served as one of the arguments to prevent western governments from granting diplomatic recognition for many years, and it was one of the real causes of widespread bitterness and distrust in the creditor countries.

Yet, great and long lasting as the irritation was, it did not prevent new business relationships from being established. Bondholder A and shareholder B had lost money in Russia, but cotton producer C and machinery manufacturer D would not refuse to sell indefinitely and thus earn money. Although those who had lost growled angrily and demanded an eternal boycott, the interests of those who had not lost money ran in the opposite direction. Moreover, in certain countries hardly anybody had lost money on account of Russia. Also, the hostility between individual states and the hostility between individual interests in different states reopened Russian trade in spite of the repudiated debts, and Russia opposed these rivalries with a unified foreign-trade monopoly of its own. When ten thousand firms were competing for Russian orders against

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each other, they confronted a purchasing colossus that played one off against the other and could always make the most favorable arrangement. It succeeded in extending its terms of payments over a longer and longer time, and, above all, it succeeded in arranging that any country that sold goods to Russia must buy goods from Russia and thus develop Russian export trade.

Germany's repudiation of foreign debts has not been accomplished overnight, as was the case with Russia, but by degrees. It never represented such a clear decision. Originally, Schacht and his clique set out to repudiate the so-called political debts, the reparations. They have worked systematically along this line since 1927, and, with this purpose in mind, they plunged Germany and the world quite consciously into a combined political and economic crisis.

But, when they found that it was so easy to wipe off the political debts and when the rest of the world had readily agreed to the standstill arrangement on the commercial debts, their appetite came with the eating. When Schacht returned to the Reichsbank for the second time early in 1933, his first act was to throw overboard four hundred million marks in gold. This sum took the form of the credit extended by the Bank of International Settlements in 1931, which his predecessor, Luther, had decided to use, and Luther had just prepared to sign a document to that effect. Everything was ready, but Schacht did not sign. Instead, he paid out a sum that no one expected him to pay, half of all the gold in the Reichsbank. His reason was 'to clear the situation.' I wrote at the time that he had given the signal that commercial debts would be the next to go, and at once he began to put on his show of poverty. Just as deliberately as he had wiped out reparations, he launched a new campaign that sums up the whole purpose, task, and promise of his second Reichsbank presidency, and after it is completed perhaps he may depart. This is the campaign for complete debt repudiation. To allay misgivings the camouflage of payment in scrip was devised, but the whole world now seems to have understood the real game. Indeed, repudiation has become the real topic of the day in Berlin, and not for the first time. Actually, the process has gone forward in three stages, two of which have been completed, the only matter now under dispute being the last step. For it is possible that some small remnant may remain untouched, perhaps the Dawes and Young Plan loans, or perhaps a few payments in kind.

Anyone who wants to understand the current negotiations in Berlin has two precedents at hand. We have the Russian repudiation, and we have the two-thirds repudiation that Germany has already completed. Both precedents justify us in warning against undue anticipations. It has again become fashionable to foresee a speedy collapse in Germany. Everywhere people are saying and writing that the system is falling to pieces, that its inner weaknesses are developing at breakneck speed, that it is economically done for. We again hear foreigners saying that it is all breaking up and that, therefore, we need not worry any more. But there is nothing more deceptive than the sensation of victory. When we bring to bear the coldness, objectivity, and critical experience neces-

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sary to discover the truth, we find that even Russia's repudiation of her foreign debts did not long prevent her from getting the goods she needed abroad. Also, we find that the two-thirds repudiation of Germany's foreign debts did not cause a fraction of the damage that the Russian repudiation did. The two-thirds repudiation actually made no difference at all. Germany's trade with the rest of the world was not interrupted. Its capacity to provide itself with all the necessary raw materials, even in larger amounts, was not damaged. Why then should repudiation of the rest suddenly lead to catastrophe?

II

To judge the situation we must recall that rivalry between hostile interests saved the Russians. This rivalry has already manifested itself in the fact that only the English and French Governments have sent warnings to Berlin, and both of these have referred only to the Dawes and Young loans. These two loans are guaranteed by the respective governments, and, therefore, the national treasuries are affected. Although they hold a relatively small amount of these bonds, they announced that they had no interest in any of the others. Each country is ready to fight in behalf of its own treasury department, but not one of them is ready to champion Citizen X or Citizen Y who hold German obligations.

But still more significant is the fact that the American Government did not participate in the protest about the two special government-guaranteed loans, although most of these loans are held in America. Since the United States was, of course, asked to participate in this protest, the episode makes it quite clear that America is not willing to go as far as England and France in protecting its own treasury. For America is a country that sells more to Germany than it buys there, whereas England and France are preëminently purchasers of German goods. The hostility of the different interests thus reveals itself in the different attitudes of the governments concerned toward the two special loans in which they have an interest.

Look at it from the point of view of the individual. Why should Citizen Jones in Texas sell no cotton to Germany because Citizen Mitchell in Chicago gets no money on his Rheinisch-Westfälische Elektrizitätswerks bonds? Only his government could be of assistance. But has his government an interest in reducing cotton exports? Obviously not. And the same thing is true of German exports. Citizen Mitchell's irritation will not prevent Citizen Anderson from buying unusually cheap German opera glasses for his optical shop, and he, too, could be hindered only by a law reducing imports from Germany. Finally, the legislator knows that you cannot sell cotton if you do not admit other goods to the country, and he has an interest in selling cotton.

Nevertheless, difficulties will arise. There will be agitation, perhaps reprisals, and probably a further decline in trade. Yet Russian experience rises again before our eyes. Russia played off hostile foreign interests against each other and confronted them with a foreign-trade monopoly. Why should n't Germany do the same thing? The answer is that it can. Anyone who has eyes to see and ears to hear perceives that the German

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foreign-trade monopoly is growing. In so far as imports are concerned, all agricultural products are already subject to a state monopoly, and the same thing is true of metals and textiles. This means that many German imports come into the country only in amounts fixed by the state and that other imports will be subject to the same restrictions. A practice of this kind necessarily extends from one form of goods to another. And this steady extension of state import control results in a severe decline in prices within the countries from which the imports come.

The indissoluble connections between all economic spheres within the state at once bring about a state centralization of exports. Already a whole system exists, stretching into many branches, that keeps depressing export prices by state subsidies and rebates, not to mention scrip and other devices. Discussion about the export drive has begun, that is to say, about the obligation of every manufacturer to sell a percentage of his products at cut rates on the export market with the aid of the national treasury. Isn't it clear where all this is leading to—the transformation of export trade into a collective instead of a private activity, into a centralized instead of into a dispersed business?

The foundation of Bolshevist trade with the outer world is: 'We need such and such goods, hence we deliver certain products in the necessary quantities. Since only a very small part of our total production is involved, it does n't make much difference whether we deliver more or fewer goods and prices do not matter. Exports have nothing to do with normal calculations of cost. The importation of certain goods we need is important. How many goods are demanded from us in exchange, or, in other words, the price at which we export, is relatively unimportant. It is merely something supplementary.'

That is the foundation on which Germany is beginning to build. Germany also needs imports amounting to scarcely ten per cent of her total production. Consumption is gradually being diminished and can be diminished a great deal further. The country still has bananas and silk from Lyon, and one can get along with one less suit a year. A centralized state import bureau can still play on this piano for some time. But to pay for these imports will be just as difficult for Germany as for Russia as soon as exports are no longer considered a source of private profit but a national obligation and as soon as Germany says, 'I simply give goods in exchange in whatever quantities are needed.'

Communism? Of course. Here too we see the character that marks all of German economy: the totalitarian régime, combined with autarky and the war industries, creates the precise opposite of what those ungifted, stupid promoters, Thyssen and Co., imagine. 'We have made a mistake,' Thyssen now complains when he is abroad. And other rulers in his guild who have been clothed with rank and dignity in the system are complaining in their hotel rooms just as bitterly as any émigré did during the first weeks. And all this has not happened for the benefit of the proletariat. It has happened for the benefit of the capitalist. It was set in motion by the capitalist, and its purpose was to establish the capitalist in a position of leadership. But with the force of a process against which there is no protection, the consequences

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of such crassly anti-capitalistic, totalitarian, 'heroic,' and autarkistic conceptions are forcing the masters of Germany to take further measures to destroy the capitalistic mechanism every day.

Involuntary, rapid self-annihilation of capitalism is going on in Germany, a process in which one part of the capitalist machine after another is torn to bits, cast aside, and replaced by an obviously Communist part. 'But we cannot go any further,' stormed Herr Schmidt after Hitler came to power. 'Now nothing more will be changed.' And the very next day still another cogwheel had to be thrown out, and one has to keep on changing parts. What people call the struggle between the socialistic and the capitalistic tendencies in the National-Socialist Party amounts to nothing more or less than a struggle between two free decisions. But these decisions consist of an eager assent or an angry denial of a development that goes its way with the relentlessness of an advancing stream of lava.

Actually, the capitalist system hardly functions at all. The capital market has been destroyed. All normal farm credit has been removed now that the property of the peasant can not be transferred. Credit on municipal real estate does not exist because nobody will write a mortgage. Commercial credit has been destroyed by the virtual elimination of bankruptcy legislation, and stock and bond issues are absolutely impossible. Capital investment has become completely the affair of the state in every important field.

Competition does not exist. More and more prices are being fixed from above. Production methods, quality, quantity, sources of material, and working conditions are determined by bureaucratic cartels and associations. The hand of the state intervenes more and more in determining the cost of operation and deciding how many workers shall be employed, even what workers. International trade has ceased. Imports are dictated, exports manipulated. The stream of capital has been completely dammed, and even personal travel becomes more and more difficult. I therefore ask myself, 'What is the principal difference between the functioning of the economic system in Germany and Russia?' And the answer is this: Germany is like another Russia with but two exceptions. First, the business leaders receive very much higher incomes. Second, the state is not the nominal owner of the means of production, although there has been such a close network of regulations woven around the private business man that he has almost no freedom of movement. Imagine this and you have a rough objective idea of the situation into which Germany is being hurried at increasing speed. It means the end of the individual business man and of free initiative. It is making the workingman a soldier in the ranks of the economic system and the business man a major.

This is what they wanted—the Thyssens, Schmidts, and Schachts. They deny it; they decide every day that it cannot be, and then they come to their office, find some new consequence of what they have done staring them in the face, and they cannot help taking another step in the same direction. For they can retrace their steps only if they again become pure economists, pure capitalists, if they cease subordinating the economic to

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the military, revengeful, nationalistic, tyrannical aspirations of a politically dominating group of gangsters, and even then the way back would be murderously difficult.

How, for instance, could the programme of agrarian self-sufficiency ever be abandoned now that the existence of millions of peasants is based on it? In any case, as long as these aspirations dominate economic considerations, there can be no retreat. They must continue to come closer and against their will to a kind of communism that is without the social aims of Russia—a communism of planlessness and of empiricism—but to Communism none the less, that is to say, to a repudiation of one liberal, capitalistic element after another. In order to escape anarchy they will progressively replace the bankrupt capitalist element with what is collectivist and authoritarian.

II. The Arms Race To-day

By a Special Investigator

From the *Daily Herald*, London Labor Daily

THE great armament racket is now nearing its peak. It has been carried on persistently, callously, and with deadly effectiveness for two or three years. And so confident have the armament kings become that it is now being worked openly, with a contemptuous disregard of everything but profit-making. A number of countries are in it, and Great Britain is playing a leading part. Poison gases deadlier than any ever known are being 'perfected.' New types of guns are being tried out in secret. Some firms are taking on hundreds of extra men, and shares, especially of aircraft companies, are soaring to remarkable heights. A year ago Hawker shares were worth 11 shillings sixpence. On May 25 the price was 22 shillings sixpence. Fairey Aviation shares have leaped from 21 shillings sixpence to 33 shillings one pence halfpenny within the year. In Sheffield alone factories manufacturing special steels for airplanes are working on a scale not known since the War. There is similar activity in other centres, and highly paid agents from armament firms in this country have been touring Europe, South America, the Near East, and the Far East booking orders for death and mutilation.

But the activity in Sheffield is typical of the situation as a whole. One man well known in that city, who has been making inquiries for months, said to the *Daily Herald:* 'The position has gone beyond the stage where denials can be accepted. I have been inside some works and talked with men who are employed in others. Despite all precautions against leakage of information, there is evidence in plenty that big combines are concentrating on arms for navies, armies, and air forces. Since the introduction of the secret marks on the blue prints, —they have taken the place of the name of the government or department for which the orders are being undertaken,—the men cannot tell for whom they are working. But nothing can disguise the increase in the num-

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bers of the men, the speeding up of rush orders, and the colossal increase of output. Steel men working on aircraft orders do not believe for a moment that they are on civil aviation contracts or that the steels are for this country alone. The output is too great.'

The situation is regarded as so threatening that the whole matter is to be raised in the House of Commons. One of the questions with which the Government is to be confronted contains the challenging statement that Dr. Hernando Siles, when president of Bolivia, obtained a loan from Messrs. Vickers-Armstrong on condition that it should be used for the purchase of war materials in England. Already the League of Nations Societies' Congress has made known how the British Government was issuing licenses for the export of 18,000,000 rounds of ammunition to South America while its delegate on the League Council was trying to find a solution to the Bolivia-Paraguay trouble. Since then, and in a period of four months, no fewer than 101 machine guns have been sent from this country to Bolivia, while 5,000,000 rifle cartridges have been sent to Paraguay. Representatives of nearly every European armament firm have been living in the capitals of the belligerent countries for months touting for orders—and getting them. That, of course, is merely a repetition of the old armament-business trick of selling to both sides.

The last time it was exposed was two years ago, when it was officially admitted that; in the first three months of 1932, there were sent from this country to Japan 240 field guns and machine guns and 6,000,000 machine-gun cartridges. In the same period, China received 25 machine guns, 505,000 machine-gun cartridges, 500,000 rifle cartridges, and quantities of cordite and T.N.T. Selling to both sides doubles the profits.

II

Turning to war aircraft, we find that Britain's trade has amounted to millions of pounds already this year. Orders for fighting planes, for bombers, and for high-performance aëro engines have been placed by practically every important country in the world. Famous for the production of the most efficient fighting aircraft and the most deadly bombers, at least three of our big firms are now working on orders each worth six-figure amounts.

Belgium, which has bought nearly 2,000,000 pounds' worth of war planes, engines, and material in the past two years, is now being supplied with high-performance fighting craft by a factory that was erected near Brussels by the Fairey Aviation Company. Not content with this, Belgium has just placed another order for 36 Rolls-Royce Kestrel engines—the units that are used in Britain's own defense fighters.

Finland is buying our Bristol Bulldogs—200 mile-an-hour fighting machines. One single order was placed by the Australian Government for amphibian machines worth 345,000 pounds. The South African Government is awaiting delivery of two squadrons of Hawker Demon fighters. Both Portugal and Denmark are buying Hawker war planes, while New Zealand has placed substantial orders for torpedo-carrying machines.

It is not only in the realm of aircraft that work is going on at top speed.

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In all parts of the country, poison-gas training is being organized among civilians—at the same time that even more frightful gases are being evolved. For instance, a desperate race by 'the best brains in chemistry throughout the world' for a poison gas that will make people lose their sense of balance so that they will not know whether they are walking on their hands or their feet was described by Major H. S. Blackmore, the poison-gas expert, to the British Red Cross in London.

'It may sound Wellsian, but it is n't,' he said. 'If they can find a gas that will destroy the principal function of the ear,—which is not hearing but maintaining our balance,—they will have their opponents completely and utterly at their mercy. It will make the whole of our defense useless.' Every possible means of achieving this destruction of the ear is being sought by the poison-gas chemists, Major Blackmore told the *Daily Herald*.

III

Shells? Listen to what Sir Robert Hadfield had to say only a few weeks ago about a new ton-weight projectile, which is now being turned out in increased quantities for the British Admiralty and which has been patented in a number of countries: 'It was fired at a modern hard-faced armor plate . . . perforated the plate unbroken, and after accomplishing this "little bit of work" also possessed a remaining velocity sufficient to carry it a further nine miles.' Sir Robert described the shells as 'the most efficient in the world.' One is capable of punching out nearly seven hundredweights of steel in 1-300th part of a second, and it can be recovered and used again. That is how weapons of destruction are being invented, increased, and 'improved' week by week.

Meanwhile, Chilean newspapers are charging the United States with making large profits out of the Chaco War. They say United States firms have shipped to Bolivia Curtiss airplanes, large quantities of Colt machine guns, Winchester ammunition, uniforms, and air bombs. They add that British, French, and other European firms are also supplying big quantities of materials for the war. Great Britain, they say, furnished modern arms for the Bolivian army, including field guns, machine guns, rifles, and clothing and equipment for 80,000 men.

One British group of factories is charged with having delivered large quantities of rifle ammunition and machine guns to both fighting countries. The United States Department of Commerce at Washington says Bolivia took American airplanes and accessories last year to the value of 50,000 pounds while the supplies to Peru were valued at 70,000 pounds. Also, behind Paraguay is Argentina, which took United States planes worth 140,000 pounds last year.

Turkey imports practically everything destined for her army, navy, and air force. Czechoslovakia, France, Russia, and Italy are the countries that mainly supply Turkey with arms. The Czech Skoda works, which recently declared an increased dividend and took on large numbers of extra men, have sold Turkey large quantities of field guns, machine guns, and small arms ammunition. One ship recently took to Turkey 24 cannons and 900 cases of ammunition

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manufactured in Czechoslovakia. It is understood that French and Czechoslovakian firms between them sold Turkey the rifles to reëquip her army, which has been thoroughly reorganized in the last few years.

British firms have sold Turkey anti-aircraft guns and hydroplanes. The airplanes for Turkey mostly come from France, Holland, and Italy. The Turkish navy has been considerably reinforced in recent years, destroyers and submarines having been bought from Italy and Holland. Turkey now plans to buy a dozen or more submarines, and it is probable that the contract will go to France.

The Swiss Socialist press, after an unofficial inquiry, accused the Swiss Federal Council of tolerating open breaches of that article of the Versailles Treaty that prohibits the sale to Germany of arms, munitions, and materials of war. It discloses that many federal and cantonal parliamentary representatives are on arms firms boards.

'Many Swiss arms firms are part of the international ring,' continues the report, 'for most of them are branches or affiliations of Austrian, Dutch, and German firms.'

Arms worth 230,000 pounds and munitions worth over 130,000 pounds were exported from Switzerland last years. One firm, Fabrique d'Armes de Soleure, is stated to be entirely under the control of a Düsseldorf firm. Apart from the export of arms to Germany appearing in the official statistics, quantities of arms are, it is alleged, being smuggled across the frontier into Germany by private transport firms. 'The Swiss traffic in arms is a scandal that is emphasized by the fact that members of the federal chamber are directly interested in it,' declares the report.

It had been revealed already last year, when the scandal of the French air travel company, the l'Aéropostale, broke out, that motor orders for the German Luft Hansa were carried out by the leading French firm, Gnome et le Rhone, with the full knowledge and tacit agreement of the French Air Ministry. Another press campaign, which was launched against the Lorsar Company, whose Paris manager is Herr Röchling, a nephew of the Saar iron lord and Nazi leader, Hermann Röchling, was also dropped after a few days.

Lorsar is an iron trades company, which sells iron and steel from Lorraine and the Saar, in which the Comité des Forges is jointly interested with Röchling and the Ruhr steel magnates. Röchling, addressing a meeting of 10,000 Saar inhabitants some time ago, proclaimed himself a sworn enemy of France.

Local Saar newspapers have now revealed that the main business of Lorsar Ltd. is to sell in Paris armored plate to the French Admiralty for navy units and reinforced concrete to the French Ministry of War for the new belt of fortifications along the eastern frontier. These fortifications have been for years, and are likely to remain for several further years, a goldmine for the French armament industry.

Thousands of millions of francs have been buried in the ground of the eastern provinces, although many military experts object that such fortifications would be of very little value in a modern war in which airplanes would play the decisive part. But the French press generally does not accept

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this view and is very enthusiastic for new fortifications.

The French Ambassador in Berlin, M. François-Poncet, who has been for a long time in favor of armament concessions to Germany, was once a leading personality of the Comité des Forges and is still in closest touch with French and German steel magnates.

It has also been disclosed that the Austrian Heimwehr has been subsidized indirectly by Schneider-Creusot and de Wendel, who has secured a majority of shares in the Styrian iron-mines company, Alpine Montan Gesellschaft, which has been for years a stronghold of the Austrian Fascists. Schneider has been elected a member of the section of moral and political sciences of the Institute of France. French airplane and aviation engine factories have sold patents to German firms.

III. Japan in Africa

By Henry de Monfreid

Translated from the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris Literary Weekly

A FEW days ago Chebik Arelan and Hachem-el-Atassi, at the head of a pan-Arabian delegation, went to Arabia, and Ibn Saud granted a temporary peace, a sort of armistice in his war against Yemen. Incidentally, both these emissaries have exercised a definitely anti-French influence in Syria. This jamming on the brakes is somewhat surprising in so well-advanced a campaign. And let us remember at the outset that Ibn Saud's conquest of Yemen means the end of Italy's colonial expansion in this direction—or, simpler still, the closing of her market. The effective neutrality that Italy has maintained in the face of the crumbling of all her hopes leads one to believe that compensation is at hand, and all indications tend to show that Ethiopia will pay the bill. But the question is not so simple, for Ethiopia is not passive, and a new element, which Europe seems to be neglecting for the time being, will give the country unsuspected strength. Perhaps we have found the secret of the temporary break in the drive of Ibn Saud's victorious army.

A backward glance over history is essential to an understanding of the problem. When the Suez Canal was opened during the last century, the possessions of England, France, and Italy cut off Ethiopia from the sea. It was a blow that took years to prove fatal. Menelek II did not understand this, for his sole preoccupation was to restore the unity of his people and defend his frontiers against the Europeans. He made the mistake of allowing himself to be walled up within his empire. France, however, with her railroad concessions, proved herself to be a disinterested friend and gave the emperor such effective protection that he was able to strengthen his power. But after his death in 1910 his grandson, Lij Yasu, nearly lost all that had been won by serious mistakes in domestic and foreign policy when he abandoned his religion and allied himself with the enemies of France. It was then that the son of Ras Makonnen,

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young Tafari, governor of Harrar, who was supported by England and France, saved the empire by deposing Lij Yasu. He officially took over the imperial crown in 1930 after the death of Zauditu, second daughter of Menelek.

Long before the War France and England had settled all colonial disputes by giving each other complete freedom of action in Morocco and the Nile region. When the Germans evacuated their colonies in East Africa, the English replaced them and extended their influence to southwest Ethiopia, especially near the Gambela frontier. The present emperor, Hailé Selassié, felt danger coming and realized his powerlessness to face it alone, whereupon France once more saved Ethiopia by making it a member of the League of Nations over the protests of Italy and England. Of course, that was only a palliative, but the emperor knew how to use it to full advantage. He signed a friendship treaty with Italy and made important concessions to England. In order to do this he neglected the French, from whom he had nothing more to fear.

But the emperor soon noticed that the two countries to which he had granted favors were far from disinterested and that the native chieftains objected to seeing Italy, the secular enemy, so well treated. He then asked France for a passage to the sea—a free zone leading to Jibuti. If we had been aware at the time of our real interests, we should have been able to guarantee permanent security to our colonies. But, as usual, the financial interests of certain 'groups' were given preference. Governor Chapon-Baissac, won over to their cause, torpedoed the project.

After that the emperor turned his back on the French, from whom he could expect nothing. He deliberately overlooked them and made them bitterly aware of an indifference tinged with scorn. Anti-French incidents grew more numerous. We should recognize that this was partly due to the laxness of our representatives in Addis Ababa, whose excessively conciliatory attitude was looked upon as a weakness. Hence, it would be unjust to complain of the emperor's ingratitude. Neglected by France, deceived by Italy, threatened by England, Hailé Selassié looked for another ally. Japan, well informed by agents, discreetly dispatched emissaries a few years ago.

II

To-day the Japanese bring money and flattery, for the Abyssinians are more susceptible to the charm of sweet words than any other people. The Japanese have vast plans to make Ethiopia the most modern of nations, and they promise to perform this miracle within a few years, for are they not themselves living examples of a similar wonder? The Japanese may be prouder than the Ethiopian, but he knows how to conceal his pride. He knows the art of keeping silent, of remaining humble and subdued in order to learn more. He is more skilled at pretense and at getting everything for himself. His feline suppleness makes it easy for him to adapt himself to the Ethiopian, who blindly puts himself at the mercy of a cleverer man. The Ethiopians have long suffered from the necessity of bowing down to the white race; they feel more at ease with the yellow people, they think they're at home. Their enthusiasm grew to such proportions that the Japanese

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themselves felt the need of checking it so as not to attract the attention of the rest of the world.

The Japanese say that they are equipping Ethiopia industrially in order to make the country independent of Europe. But they do not mention that the industrial organization they plan will change the country's ways of living and will become essential for its existence. But why should Japan want to seize this last free country and colonize a part of the world so remote from Asia? This is the sensitive point, the deeply buried seed that must grow in the shadow, take root, and gather strength to burst forth all at once into irresistible triumph.

Japan is the England of the Pacific. She must therefore have power over the seas—that is, over the straits. The Red Sea is the bottle-neck of England's vast colonial empire. Free passage through it is essential to maintain connections between the mother country and India and Australia. Japan cannot think of taking any point along the Red Sea coast without arousing the indignation of the Powers already installed. England took Perim, France Obok and Jibuti at a time when Japan was still in the Madame Chrysanthème and samurai stage of development. And what better pretext could Japan have to get nearer her goal than to carry the good word of progress to the young Ethiopians, who are so anxious to learn. When Ethiopia has become an affiliate of Japan, when one or two million Japanese will have become essential to keep the machines going, without which the country will be unable to live, on that day Japan will say: 'I want Jibuti. It belongs to me on account of my tremendous interests in Ethiopia.' And who knows whether or not we shall have to concede in order to save Indo-China from civil war or even from a war of aggression? Germany also sees things from this point of view and does not hide her satisfaction, as Heinrich Nebel's recent articles in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* indicate.

The terrible spectre of the 'yellow dwarf' makes Italy wonder about the value of the compensation she is to receive for her neutrality. England cannot allow Japan to have a maritime, commercial, and industrial base in Africa and will do everything to destroy it, but we know that, though John Bull loves to eat chestnuts, he hardly ever takes them out of the fire for himself. In brief, Ethiopia is in a critical position, like a mouse caught in the paws of several cats. Perhaps the emperor will be able to save his country once again if he knows how to take decisive action and does of his own free will what necessity must sooner or later force him to do.

An unfortunate gust of wind has revealed the cards and stopped the game by exposing the players. But it will begin again as soon as the pack is shuffled. Are we going to be the dummy or shall we know how to play the cards that are placed before us?

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A Dutch inhabitant of Java gives the complete history of the mutiny that occurred there a year ago last February on board the cruiser *Zeven Provincien*.

Mutiny *in the* South Seas

By 'JAVANICUS'

Translated from the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*
Vienna Conservative Daily

'IN THE name of the Queen, the court martial sentences Naval Lieutenant W. F. to twelve months of military imprisonment and dismissal from the Royal Navy.'

The endless questioning and presentation of evidence had continued for days. The defense had brought forward reams of regulations and had even invoked the Geneva Convention. Now judgment had been passed. A sad chapter in the history of the Dutch navy had ended. Yesterday, the officers of the cruiser *Zeven Provincien* were found guilty of having let their ship fall into the hands of mutinous sailors without resort to arms. The captain had been tried months ago in Holland, and long ago prison doors had shut behind the men who mutinied. The ring leaders received twenty years, and those who had helped them ten, and the bodies of eighteen men lie buried in the sands of Batavia Bay.

The cruiser *Zeven Provincien* lies in the port of Oeleelheue, a constant reminder to the Atjehers, those restless, war-like people who live in the northwestern tip of Sumatra, that Queen Wilhelmina possesses the strength to guarantee peace and order even in the uttermost parts of her empire.

It is February 4, 1933, and there is a party in the Atjeh Club. The gold on the uniforms of the ship's officers mixes with the blinding-white tropical clothes of the government officials and the bright colors of the ladies' dresses. The music is playing the newest tunes. People are dancing, drinking, and talking. While the dance is at its height, a police official asks to speak to the captain of the cruiser for a few minutes. Men in the confidence of the police seem to have discovered that the crew of the *Zeven Provincien* is planning some trouble this evening. Lieutenant Captain Eikeboom smiles.

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Something wrong on board his cruiser? Nonsense. Haven't the police got anything better to worry about? He writes a short message, sends an order to the ship, and goes back to the club to drink a glass of cognac. The party continues.

On board the cruiser First Lieutenant W. F. is receiving the report that the watch has been changed when a message arrives. An order from the commander. Lieutenant F., a morose fellow whose nerves have been ruined by his years in the tropics, is very much upset. He has just been told that the gangplanks have been removed without orders, and now his commander orders him to keep a sharp eye on the native sailors. He reads closely over the list of men on watch. There are sixteen officers, twelve non-commissioned officers, and 228 sailors on board, 144 of them Asiatics,—a varied assortment of Javanese, Sumatrans, and other natives,—and 44 of them Dutch. He reads off the names. Damn. Those known as trouble makers and ring leaders have not gone on shore leave. Only the more peaceful elements have left. Is trouble really brewing? The boatswain's whistle blows. The officer on watch rushes to the bridge and announces that the crew have seized the guns and the ammunition supply.

Alarm. The officers off duty assemble on the captain's bridge, and the engineers, head mechanics, and a few Dutch non-commissioned officers join them. These are the only men on board the *Zeven Provincien* who still remember their duty and obligations. From the messages that pour in they gather that some of the crew have armed themselves and have seized possession of the stern and midship quarters as well as of the engine room. The commanding officer recognizes the seriousness of the situation, and, although he makes every effort to take as little responsibility as possible, he orders the Browning machine guns to be loaded at once.

They are still trying to pry open the boxes of cartridges, which have been sealed tightly to keep out the tropical atmosphere, when all the lights in the ship go out. They struggle with the boxes in the dark without success, and the ship's doctor, who has had a revolver thrust into his hand, tries to insert cartridges and swears as he fails to get them in. When a young officer tries to go to the wireless station to send a telegram to the commander of the fleet in Surabaya, he meets a white corporal who threatens him with a pistol and returns without having accomplished his mission. His report that the Dutch members of the crew have joined the mutiny arouses excitement. The officers confer about what to do and suddenly notice that the passageway leading amidships is blocked by heavily armed guards and that they are trapped. The big motor tug is pushing the ship out into the harbor. Then the commanding officer decides to leave the ship on a raft and tell the captain, who is having such a good time at his party, that his ship has fallen into the hands of mutinous sailors. Accompanied by a young lieutenant and a stoker, Lieutenant F., whose nerve has broken, quits the ship of which he should have been in command. The oldest officer, Lieutenant von B., therefore takes charge of the loyal members of the crew of the *Zeven Provincien* and decides to await further developments.

Meanwhile, exciting scenes are tak-

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ing place in the seamen's quarters. The moment the news spreads that the arms have been successfully seized, the ship turns into a human ant-hill. The men run about wildly. Every brown sailor, every stoker feel called upon to boast; everyone wants to give orders, and nobody wants to obey. Masses of men in uniform overrun the ship like a troop of blustering boys. Finally, a kind of assembly gathers in the seamen's quarters. Great speeches are made, men whistle and shout and finally decide to head full steam for Surabaya to inform the authorities that the Dutch East Indian sailors must have their pay cuts restored if they are to remain obedient and loyal.

II

The Dutch sailors were the most cautious. Perhaps they already knew what powers they had released. Did they notice that they were hastening to their own destruction? On the advice of the whites it was decided that duties should be performed as usual on board and that the officers in the forward part of the ship must remain in confinement. Gradually the crew separated into different elements. Each individual was asked whether he wanted to participate in the mutiny. The few cautious ones who regretted that such things were happening on a Dutch man-of-war were locked up as hostages. The ship's tailor was so frightened and excited that he shut himself into a little room. When at last he emerged from his voluntary imprisonment and was asked by one of the ring leaders whether or not he would participate in the mutiny, he was so terrified that he could not get the word 'no' out of his mouth. He disappeared into a dark corner, from which he did not emerge throughout the entire mutiny. The cruiser *Zeven Provincien* left the harbor of Oeleelheue on the morning of February 5 at two o'clock in the morning. The whole world followed the movements of the mutinous ship with excitement.

Lieutenant F., who had left the cruiser on a raft, made his way to the *Aldebaran*, a government-owned steamer that was lying at anchor in the port. The officers on board had to take away the revolver that he was flourishing in wild excitement. When he had calmed down a little, a motor boat was put at his disposal so that he could go ashore and tell Captain Eikeboom what had happened. The appearance of the pale officer made such a contrast with the decorated uniforms and the gaily clad people in the club that the party at once ended abruptly. The commander of the regiment stationed in Oeleelheue at once gave orders to put the garrison in a state of alarm. Captain Eikeboom hurried to the harbor and boarded the little *Aldebaran* with a few armed infantrymen.

Meanwhile the imprisoned officers on the cruiser were passing some unpleasant hours. All of them agreed that something must be done to restore discipline. The young lieutenants, boys of twenty whose heads were filled with enterprising spirit, wanted to launch an armed attack. Only the older officers, with whom the decisions rested, saw the hopelessness of this proceeding. They thought of their wives and children in Surabaya. They thought of the little house that would be built for them after they had been pensioned off, and they thought of the guns and hand grenades that the mutinous sailors pos-

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sessed. Not everybody is a Van Speijk, who blew himself up with his ship on the River Schelde rather than surrender. Lions of the Netherlands, show your claws.

When the ship began to move the chief engineer, who had remained in the background up to then, became excited. They uncoupled the steering apparatus, which they could do without passing through the quarters occupied by the sailors. But the mutineers knew what to do. Unable to manipulate the rudder without danger, they managed to steer by giving more power to the left propeller and then to the right. Thus the cruiser steered a zigzag course along the western coast of Sumatra. Who could say what was going on in the hearts of the officers and engineers during these hours? Suddenly the mutineers noticed that the steering apparatus functioned again, for the engineers preferred to have the ship that they had served on for years reach Surabaya safely in the hands of a mutinous crew rather than risk the danger of a wreck.

Meanwhile, the *Aldebaran* had overtaken the more slow-moving cruiser and announced by semaphore: 'Take the captain on board at once.' By way of answer, the mutinous crew pointed a cannon at the *Aldebaran*, signifying to Mr. Eikeboom that they had nothing to fear from his infantry behind their armor plate and wanted to be left alone. There was nothing for the *Aldebaran* to do but slowly follow the *Zeven Provincien*.

All this while a stream of wireless messages was pouring through the ether. The mutinous ship informed the international press that their activities signified a protest against the treatment they had received from the Dutch Government. The mutineers refused to answer any wireless messages sent to them except for the stereotyped signal: '*Alles well aan boord*,' which they sent out every day. From the 5 to the 10 of February, 1933, the armed cruiser and its mutinous crew steamed down the western coast of Sumatra toward the home port of Surabaya.

These were difficult days for us white people in the Dutch East Indies, even for those of us who did not have the least interest in warships or sailors. To those of us who lived in Surabaya, the drama that was being unrolled on board the *Zeven Provincien* seemed especially near. Over and over again we had seen that gray cruiser in port or in the navy yard. Almost everyone of us knew at least one officer, and their wives and children lived among us. We felt the ground giving way under our feet. Whither were we drifting? We prided ourselves on our navy, which had accomplished famous deeds that made Holland's name glorious in the golden book of history. Had our navy, our strongest tie with home, our last resort in the event of desperate need, become undependable, incapable of fulfilling its purpose, and even mutinous and dangerous to the state? When the Japanese cast their eyes toward our petroleum fields in Borneo, our navy was ready to defend our property. If the authority of the crown were threatened in any one of the thousand islands of the archipelago, we trusted our navy. Had we all been deceived? Was the spirit that used to dwell in our sailors destroyed? What possessed these men?

We all knew the events that had preceded the mutiny. As the economic crisis had deepened, the income of the

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national treasury quickly declined. Sugar, rubber, tobacco, and quinine were accumulating in the storehouses, and exports were declining. The East Indies had been drawn into the economic crisis. Wages had been reduced. Officials saw their salaries grow smaller and smaller. They recognized that everybody had to put up with difficult sacrifices in these times and took them calmly. Almost all the whites who held middle-class positions in Java belonged to the intellectual classes. They understood the necessities under which the government labored and kept silent. The navy people were the only exception. The white sailors, most of them slow good-natured fellows, who served part of the time in the East Indies and part of the time in Holland, did not know the islands as well as we did. They did not understand the misery of the country. Although they did not receive much pay, they certainly got enough. They were like the Swiss Guards in the Vatican and seemed to be saying: 'If our pay is cut, we shall roar like lions.'

Through their organizations they had protested here and in the Netherlands against the first pay cut of 10 per cent, but, when the civil service had its pay cut 17 per cent in January and the rumor spread that pay in the navy would be reduced the same amount, the storm broke. Protest meetings were held in Surabaya, an ugly frame of mind prevailed, and a delegation visited the commander of the naval base. He received them politely, hid behind a wall of mysterious silence, and vaguely hinted that he had received a telegram from which it might be assumed that the navy would not be subject to further reductions. The whole interview was unproductive, confused, and unclear, but the leaders of the sailors' organization spoke of the success of their protest and maintained that all attacks on the pay of the sailors had been defeated. Both the whites and the natives listened closely to the boastful speeches and felt proud and strong until one day they learned better.

That was when the Government announced a pay cut of 14 per cent. On January 30 the cruiser *Java* and two torpedo boat destroyers were supposed to leave Surabaya. When the signal '*Bakswijze aantreden*' was given, most of the European sailors remained in their quarters and refused to obey orders. At once troops from the shore hurried to the naval station, quietly arrested the men who had refused to obey orders, and brought them to the Madura prison. The incident seemed to be ended. Meanwhile, the cruiser *Zeven Provincien* was out on duty. The crew had only a vague idea of what had happened in Surabaya. The wildest rumors spread. The brown sailors did not want to lag behind their white comrades, and something had to happen. They took counsel and decided to seize the ship, head for Surabaya, and demand the release of their arrested comrades. That was why the mutiny broke out on February 4 at ten o'clock in the evening.

While the cruiser was traversing the west coast of Sumatra, the commander of the fleet followed its progress closely. Men and munitions were gathered together to restore order on the ship that had gone mad. The officials wanted to make an example of them, and the mutiny had to be ended at a single stroke to revive their prestige. The squadron at Celebes

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received orders to proceed at full speed to Batavia. Two submarines with high-explosive torpedoes in their tubes set forth, and three Dornier flying boats departed quietly and unnoticed. On February 8 the squadron, consisting of the cruiser *Java* and torpedo boat destroyers *Piet Hein* and *Evertsen*, the same boats whose crews had refused to obey orders in January, arrived in Batavia. The commander of the fleet had a final consultation with the squadron commander. That same night the warships departed to confront the *Zeven Provincien*.

On February 10 at nine in the morning, at latitude 6 and longitude west 140, the mutinous ship came into sight, its position having been announced by the unarmed *Aldebaran* in its wake. The ships of the squadron circled about threateningly. The cruiser *Java* ordered its sister ship by wireless telegraph to surrender. By way of reply came the message: '*Ons niet hinderen*,' a well-known phrase in the East Indies. When the mutineers noticed that the situation was serious, they sent out this proclamation: 'We are on our way to Surabaya. We intend no violence. We want to protest against the pay cuts and the imprisonment of our comrades. Twenty-four hours outside Surabaya we will take the captain and officers on board.'

The brief time allotted by the cruiser *Java* for surrender has elapsed. A Dornier flying boat roars over the *Zeven Provincien*. The men on board the squadron have their hearts in their mouths as a bomb falls and hits the top port deck. The funnel and the decks are blown to pieces, bits of them fly through the air. Many of the crew leap overboard. A deafening explosion fills the air, and the white flag runs up. The mutiny on her Majesty's ship, *Zeven Provincien*, is ended.

There is not much more to be said. Fifteen Asiatic and three European sailors were killed, and twenty-five more were wounded. As if guided by the hand of destiny, the projectile fell in the middle of the group of ring leaders and removed most of them from the hand of earthly justice. The court martial passed judgment on the rest.

Throughout the entire mutiny the Dutch flag, the proud red, white, and blue, flew from the mast of the *Zeven Provincien*. The uneducated Malasian sailors and certain ignorant whites had not acted against the state itself but only against the financial policy of the people from whom they earned their living. At bottom it amounted to nothing more than a mutiny on any ship owned by a private company. But it would not have taken much for the incident to have turned into a bombing of Surabaya.

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Persons and Personages

Georges Duhamel

By René Lalou

Translated from the *Revue des Vivants*, Paris Political and Literary Monthly

In less than three months Georges Duhamel has published three books, the *Jardin des Bêtes Sauvages*, *Remarques sur les Mémoires Imaginaires*, and *Discours aux Nuages*—a novel, a study of literary psychology, and a collection of essays on contemporary problems. Although bibliographers will place these three books in separate cubby-holes, they are obviously inspired by the same idea, which is formulated in the second discourse to the clouds, the one in which Georges Duhamel reveals that since the War his work has been one vast inquiry concerning two concepts of civilization—the material concept and the moral concept. Nothing could be more attractive to a pamphleteer than to separate these two ideas and to contrast them dramatically. Though Duhamel felt the power of this temptation, he was able to resist; his honesty forced him to admit that permanent interdependence exists between these two domains. Determined not to ignore the complexity of the problem, Duhamel has therefore sought the conditions that will bring about equilibrium between spiritual civilization and temporal civilization, antagonistic in principle but none the less forced to collaborate. The second discourse to the clouds brings us his conclusion: 'After many inner debates I am convinced that salvation, that is to say, the secret of equilibrium, can be found only in the concentrated cult of individualism.'

One can see immediately why the idea of a 'constantly renascent individualism' pleases Georges Duhamel. Upheld by an individualistic doctrine, modern man will be able, he says, 'to oppose the mechanization of man and the triumph of automatic uniformity.' But does this creed possess any social effectiveness? In other words, can the harmonious life of a nation be based on individualistic philosophy and individualistic practice? Yes, Duhamel replies. Dutch individualism gives the Netherlands the desired equilibrium between these two forms of civilization. I shall not raise the objection that Holland is a small country with geographic conditions that determine the peculiar quality of the collective-effort problem, for Duhamel remarks that 'those countries that are the nerve ganglions of Europe' are particularly important. But because he has observed this paradise of individualism scrupulously, Duhamel finally confesses that the Netherlands has undergone tre-

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mendous changes during these last fifteen years. 'Like the rest of the world, Holland has been subject to the American madness.' I shall discuss later whether this diagnosis should not be modified. Meanwhile, let us remember this statement of the doctor-psychologist: 'In these hectic times, beautiful and wealthy Holland suffers just as the other countries.' Even in the country of equilibrium, harmony is disturbed.

Georges Duhamel is a moralist, which often means a moralizer. He himself has said in one of the discourses to the clouds, 'How easy it is to slide from the former into the latter.' Let us not forget, however, that this moralist is also a novelist, a man whose ideological preoccupations rise naturally to the creative plane, where they will appear in a clearer light though they may not be resolved. Thus, the problem of individualism in contemporary society is realistically expressed in the *Chronique des Pasquier*, the first two volumes of which were so favorably received. And were not the author's intentions clearly stated in the epigraph that he chose for the *Notaire du Havre*? 'A miracle is not a work'—Laurent Pasquier's motto seemed to have been dictated by his friend, Duhamel.

Their close friendship attracted the reader. To what degree was the confession of Laurent Pasquier Georges Duhamel's confession? The latter has put us at our ease by publishing his *Remarques sur les Mémoires Imaginaires*, in which we learn why this lover of memoirs decided never to write his own. Aware of the contrast between our inner truth and its external aspect, he arrived at this double condemnation: 'External memory is incompetent, internal memory is mad.' Art is the only possible mediator between error and caprice. Therefore, this sentence is far more than a quick sally: 'Like all serious people, I do not believe in historical truth. But I believe in legendary truth. For the creation of legendary truth is in no way the privilege of the artist at his work table. It is a universal faculty that the least imaginative of us exercises—sometimes unconsciously—during those moments in which he escapes from his daily task. A moment of dreaming can transfigure our world, which means, for the most part, strip it of appearances in order to reveal reality.'

For many years Duhamel has been working hand in hand with an imaginary companion, Laurent Pasquier, his creation, who served as judge, delegate, or refuge, as occasion demanded. In this way a close intimacy grew up between the biographer and his model, a relationship that Duhamel describes in these words: 'I am writing the memoirs of another man, and, quite naturally, I collaborate with myself. I collaborate with my own life.' Mingling Laurent Pasquier's experiences with his own, he hoped to attain the high poetic truth that would transcend both their personalities. On the other hand, he did not fail to use the trick that both Tolstoï and Jules Romains had recourse to:

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he introduced into this fictitious tale historical people like the Claude Debussy who appears in the *Jardin des Bêtes Sauvages*. Thus expanded by borrowing from reality, Laurent Pasquier's biography acquires the power of a testimonial.

The testimonial of a contemporary man on himself and his period—that is the promise of the *Chronique des Pasquier*. We are therefore called upon to suppress our impatience and to follow the narrator in all his developments. The *Notaire du Havre* was a sort of prologue; the *Jardin des Bêtes Sauvages* describes the events of 1895, a year that, to the outsider, constitutes a sort of landing place in the Pasquier history. But apparently these few months have wrought few changes in the destiny of our characters, though actually they have all become crystallized and each one has revealed the particular demon who will cause his personal tragedy. In his home on the rue Guy-de-la-Brosse young Laurent has sometimes felt passionate beings revolting—'like those captive animals in the depths of their cage in the shadowy garden.' In the second volume of his chronicle Georges Duhamel has succeeded in carrying out these two objects—a description of the Pasquier clan and a novel of a boy in his fifteenth year.

There is always a sentimental element in tragedies of adolescence. From this point of view the *Jardin* could be summarized in the following words: Laurent discovers his father's faithlessness. He sees his father ruin and betray his mother, whom he adores. He tries to recall him to his duty and is crushed by the cynicism of the man who 'keeps up appearances.' At the end of this story, with all its delicate nuances, Laurent has lost his faith in the religion of the clan. He feels that the 'tablets of the law are broken,' and in the last chapter he proclaims his solitary revolt. He hates all human intrigues, he desires only peace and silence to purify himself from this first contact with the lies and cowardice of life.

This despair brings to a close a chapter in Laurent's biography. It could be prolonged no further. The young boy has already begun his training as a man much against his will. He has communed with nature; the music in which his childhood has been spent will always remain a faithful companion. On the Montagne Sainte-Geneviève he will discover the beauty of Paris and the nobility of a life devoted to culture. Without knowing it, he participates in the collective life when he goes to the funeral of Pasteur and when he hears the first rumors of the Dreyfus case. Already he is forced to take sides, and his conflict with his father will soon assume a philosophical significance that neither one of them suspects. Raymond Pasquier is a self-educated man, enthusiastic but completely lacking in critical judgment. He delights in the simple vision of a universe that is entirely explained by science, and here again a hard

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task awaits young Laurent, who is destined to become a real scientist with the modesty and tenacity that such a title demands. Since Goethe wrote *Wilhelm Meister*, many German novels have dealt with the 'formative years.' The *Chronique des Pasquier* treats the formative years of a French humanist.

Moreover, it is clear that humanism is synonymous with that enlightened individualism that Duhamel defends. It is not by chance that Laurent, in the prologue to the *Notaire du Havre* and Duhamel in his *Prière sur la Montagne Sainte-Geneviève* both invoke Joachim du Bellay. But on the very morning, full of rain and wind and sudden bursts of sunshine, at the very moment when I was going to start this portrait of Duhamel and his double, another character appeared: the radio was broadcasting Mussolini's speech. The imperious voice spoke of a revolution that was going on, warned its hearers against the dangers of an easy life, proclaimed Fascism to be a school of heroism. And I could not help noticing that everything dynamic in the vocabulary of the democrats and the liberals has been appropriated by their opponents. Coming back to Georges Duhamel, it seemed to me that I was better able to distinguish the part of his work that already belongs to the past from the part that may influence the future. The vision of a man strictly bound to his party and his corporation runs counter to Duhamel's individualism, which considers the individual far more advanced than the group. The most violent attacks against enlightened individualism no longer come from the defenders of Americanization. However moving the *Prière sur la Montagne Sainte-Geneviève* may be, it is already an epilogue to Georges Duhamel's first crusade. The times are past when abuses were glorified for the sake of a fictitious prosperity. To defend individualism, Duhamel will have to answer other adversaries and start out on a new crusade. But he will no doubt reply by saying that he has already begun, that one shows the value of individualism only by painting a noble image of the conscious individual, and that the *Chronique des Pasquier* proves his point.

Einstein, the Philosopher

By Dr. Samuel Szemere

Translated from the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-language Daily

Oswald Spengler complains in his *Decline of the West* that the philosophers of our time ignore its great political problems and do not take sides. Leibnitz and Kant, in spite of all the activity they devoted to scientific and philosophic problems, were deeply moved by the burning

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problems of their epoch and took pains to make their positions clear. Our philosophers, on the other hand, remain specialists devoted to their abstract field of knowledge, untouched by the currents of the life around them. And Spengler regards their inability to understand this life and to take part sympathetically in its struggles as a symptom of decline, which, together with many others, indicates the lack of creative power to-day.

Albert Einstein cannot be reproached for having remained a specialist or holding aloof from life. This inexhaustible student of theoretical physics, whose genius in this field has led him to make some of the most important discoveries in the history of science, also feels impelled to take a stand on all the essential matters of our time. His personality is too many-sided to confine itself to remote abstractions, and he is much too impulsive to smother the reactions that living reality arouses in him. Of course, scientific truth lies closer to his heart than anything else, but freedom and human values, peace and social justice—everything in life that gives human existence a higher value—concern him. His writings express an especially rich character deeply attached to values of every kind.

This universality of his speaks to us in his latest book, *Mein Weltbild*, which has been published by the Querido-Verlag in Amsterdam. It contains a collection of essays, speeches, letters, and statements drawn from various stages in his life. If we try to discover the outstanding features of his philosophy as it is defined here by the hand of a master, we reach the conclusion that Einstein values personality above all else and believes that it is the highest good of which the children of earth are capable. 'I do not feel that the state is the sole valuable element in human life, but rather the creative, sensitive individual, the personality. It alone creates what is noble and sublime, whereas the herd, as such, remains insensitive in thought and feeling.'

The great artists and discoverers are the only noble forms humanity takes. Only the single individual, the creative personality who thinks and judges for himself, can create any values for society and thus further its higher development. Greco-European-American culture, especially the culture of the Renaissance, rests on the freedom of the individual. When Einstein evaluates our period in these terms he finds but little satisfaction. The number of natural leaders has undergone a precipitous decline. In the field of art, the lack of individuals is especially noticeable; in politics, the intellectual independence and sound emotions of the citizen have declined enormously. Dictators have arisen and are tolerated only because there is not enough appreciation of the worth and right of the personality. Einstein's political ideal is a democratic one. He is convinced that an autocratic system of force quickly degenerates. 'For

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force always attracts the morally second-rate, and I am convinced that tyrants of genius always have scoundrels as their successors.'

In regard to the relation between the state and the individual, Einstein considers the possibility of free individual development as supremely important. 'The state exists for man, not man for the state. As I see it, the most important function of the state is to protect the individual and to give the creative personality the opportunity to develop.'

Human personality flourishes in an atmosphere of inner freedom and peace. This conviction is one of the foundation stones of Einstein's philosophy; it determines the attitude he has taken toward the great issues of our time. He advocates the creation of a superior international court above the state, the abolishment of universal compulsory military service, and radical disarmament. He sees little prospect in mere agreements to reduce armaments. The important thing is all or nothing. An obligatory international supreme court would have to have executive power guaranteed by all the participating states and be able to take military and economic sanctions against any disturber of the peace. Einstein is an eloquent advocate of everything that promotes conciliation among nations. He welcomes the graduate school course in Davos not only because it promotes life and culture but also because it has succeeded, to a high degree, in establishing relationships between individuals of different nationalities, a kind of education favorable to a European community of feeling.

INTELLECTUAL and political freedom is so much his element of life that he at once foresaw the consequences of the recent political shift in Germany. His statement of March, 1933, defines his position: 'As long as I am able to choose, I shall stay in any country only so long as political freedom, tolerance, and equality prevail there. Political freedom includes the freedom to write and express orally any political convictions and tolerance toward the convictions of others. These conditions are not fulfilled in Germany to-day.'

He left Germany, resigned his position in the Prussian Academy of Science, in which he had been a distinguished member for many years, and gave up his Prussian citizenship. Yet he did not participate in a French attack on German anti-Semitism. He refused the invitation that had been offered to him on the ground that, however strongly he felt about the terrible events in Germany, he could not as a German participate in a movement emanating from the officials of a foreign government. Secondly, as a Jew who had seen injustice done to his fellow believers as well as to himself, he did not want to pass judgment on his own case, preferring the judgment of disinterested parties.

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One part of the book is devoted to Jewry. This contains Einstein's statements on the Jewish ideal, Zionism, Palestine, and the destiny and welfare of the Jews. His spiritual solidarity with his race he expresses as follows: 'To strive for understanding for its own sake, to cultivate a love of justice amounting to fanaticism, and to strive for personal independence—these are the traditional underlying motives of the Jewish people that make me feel that my belonging to them is a grace of fate.' He regards the acceptance of life in all its forms as the essence of the Jewish philosophy. 'Life is holy. It is the highest value on which all others depend. If one sanctifies the superindividual life one has esteem for everything spiritual, and this is the marked characteristic of the Jewish tradition.' To illustrate how much the consciousness of the sanctity of life lives in the Jewish people, he relates what Walter Rathenau once said to him: 'When a Jew says that he is going hunting for pleasure, he lies.' The tragic history of the Jewish race seems to him to have been decreed by destiny. Yet he cherishes the view that as long as the Jews remain the guardians of truth, justice, and freedom, they will create more values that will ennoble humanity.

Naturally enough, science occupies the central position in the philosophy of a man who has studied it profoundly. To him it is not only one cultural element among others, but from a subjective point of view it is the redeeming power, the court of last appeal. It offers a simplified and commanding view of the world, and, as the man of understanding focuses his attention on science, he transcends the world of personal life, which offers no rest or security. But the strongest and noblest driving force of scientific endeavor is a religious feeling closely related to the emotion that the creative religious people of all times possessed. He stands in ecstatic amazement before the way in which reason reveals itself in the harmony of natural laws, which immeasurably surpass all else in human thought. Research work also leads one to religion in so far as it makes one aware of the limits of the understanding. No matter how far it goes, it finally encounters the impenetrable, and the feeling that an end has been reached fills the researcher with religious awe.

Goethe's words occur to the reader at this point: 'He who possesses art and knowledge also possesses religion.' Einstein calls this cosmic religion and devotes some wonderful words to it: 'The most beautiful thing that we can experience is the mysterious. It is the elemental emotion that stands at the cradle of true art and science. He who does not know it and is incapable of wonder or amazement might as well be dead or have no sight. The experience of the mysterious, even when mixed with an element of fear, has also led to a religion. Knowledge of the existence of what is to us impenetrable, manifestations of the deepest reason and most illuminated beauty that our reason can comprehend

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only in their most primitive forms—this knowledge and emotion go to make up real religion. In this sense, and in this sense only, I am among the deeply religious men.'

Thus we discover that Einstein's philosophy is fundamentally a metaphysical one. The world we comprehend floats in a bottomless measureless sea, and confronted by this endless beauty and wisdom even the most gifted scientist bows with respect and inner awe.

Mohammed 'Poldi' Weiss

By Anton Kuh

Translated from the *Prager Tagblatt*, Prague German-language Daily

THE adviser of Ibn Saud, king of the Wahabis, who is now fighting the neighboring kingdom of Yemen, comes from Vienna. His name is Mohammed Leopold Weiss, and he is about thirty-six years old. Since I spent part of my youth with him, let me give a brief story of his development. In 1917, as an advanced high school student, Leopold Weiss neglected his studies and avoided his parents' house, spending his time in cafés and going for walks at night with the psychoanalyst, Otto Gross, whom he respected greatly. This bewitched relentless student of dreams, whose conversation was so fanatical that it amounted almost to a religion, was his master. Weiss hung on his words, never noticing the waiters filling the water glasses hundreds of times over around the table of the Herrenhof. Gross was the teacher and Weiss his faithful disciple. The bread on which young Leopold Weiss lived at that time was conversation, and his favorite topics were China and the Orient. 'Poldi' Weiss was looking for a god and found one.

In 1920, Leopold Weiss went to Berlin in search of work. He met a woman fifteen years older, and, after he had made a few attempts to write for the moving pictures, set forth with her and her son, who was not much younger than Weiss, to Palestine.

In 1922, Leopold Weiss was writing dispatches for the *Frankfurter Zeitung* under the pseudonym of Pol Torren. When some of these articles appeared in book form, they caused a sensation and an unpleasant one. Leopold Weiss was the first Jew whose dispatches took the side of the Arabs. Outsiders did not know why and blamed him for various reasons. His friends, however, remembered his conversations about China and recalled that he had always defended the Orient against the encroachment of Occidental industry. About this time he adopted Mohammedanism, though in a purely intellectual fashion.

In 1924 he returned to Germany and then set forth again for the

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Orient. The woman with whom he had gone before died, and her young son let his education slide. Weiss then underwent a remarkable change. While still writing for Occidental newspapers he became an orthodox Mohammedan, joined the Wahabis, and came into close relation with King Ibn Saud. He even had his late friend's son, who later went to a German boarding school, adopt the Moslem faith.

Between 1925 and 1927 the Wahabis enjoyed but little favor with the English Government, and there was a time when people were worried about young Leopold Weiss. His friends heard that he had gone into the service of Ibn Saud, the king of the Wahabis, that England had set a price on his head, and that he had suddenly disappeared. The newspapers tried to discover where he was, and people thought he was dead, but actually he was merely arrested for a short time.

In 1928, through the good offices of Leopold Weiss, now Mohammed Leopold Weiss, the king of the Wahabis and the British Government made peace with each other. The young Viennese was now Ibn Saud's Foreign Minister and closest adviser, and his master, in recognition of the important services he had performed, gave him the highest title that the Wahabis can bestow upon anybody—Friend of the King. And Ibn Saud also gave him a little bit of land in Medina, the holy birthplace of Mohammed, where the only thing that Leopold Weiss could do to recall Europe to himself was to plant tomatoes. The last dispatch he wrote arrived six months ago. In his capacity as Friend of the King, Leopold Weiss was taking his ease on a little bit of land, which he was cultivating in Occidental fashion. Like Voltaire's Candide and the true Pangloss, he has returned from wandering over the face of the earth to cultivate his garden.

In 1934 King Ibn Saud declared war on the kingdom of Yemen. What has happened to Mohammed Weiss his friends do not know. Even Candide's garden does not enjoy peace.

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Here are four articles with no common denominator. A German visitor to Hong Kong describes a swell wedding; another German in Spain describes a strike. Then come the last words of an unknown British soldier and a humorous essay.

MIXED Quartette

AN ANGLO-GERMAN SYMPOSIUM

I. CHINESE WEDDING

By DR. MATTHIAS KOMOR

Translated from the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-language Daily

THE big restaurant was superbly illuminated. No wonder. The son of a rich merchant was celebrating his wedding. 'Now this Chinese wedding must be something interesting, something picturesque,' I said to myself when I received the invitation. I therefore arrived, full of expectation, at the appointed hour of eleven o'clock in the evening, at the restaurant where the festivities were to occur.

But my first glance revealed nothing picturesque. I saw a big room filled with a great many tables at which elegantly dressed Chinese were sitting and playing mah-jongg. The groom's father arrived, acknowledged my greetings with many deep bows, and then presented me to the beaming bridegroom, a very young man dressed in simple black silk. The only decoration he wore consisted of a big red cockade on his chest. He too greeted me with a profound obeisance and smiled with an air of embarrassment.

Then I was presented to various distinguished guests, who interrupted their play for a moment to greet me but the next moment plunged back to the game that excited them just as much as it had their ancestors hundreds of years ago. For the Chinese

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love anything that makes a noise, and this seems to be the explanation of their passion for mah-jongg. I watched them for a while and noticed how enthusiastically the wedding guests threw the ivory pieces with as much noise as possible on the black surface of the ebony table.

But this formed only the smallest part of the tremendous complex of sounds going on about me. A Chinese orchestra also played for the delectation of the guests. It was explained to me that it was one of the best in town and consisted of two violin-like instruments, a drum, two flutes, and, last but not least, an enormous gong. In the midst of the musicians sat a young lady, who may have been singing pretty songs, but no one could hear her because the gong drowned out everything else in the room. Shortly after our arrival fireworks were set off, marvelous rockets, a great sun, a dragon that spat fire, all of which caused the greatest amazement in the street, which was thronged with people.

It is hard to imagine a more interesting picture than that crowd. They stood in front of the house for hours enjoying the music and the fireworks. In spite of the fact that it was drawing close to midnight, many children were still playing in the streets, and there were the usual sidewalk figures—beggars and prostitutes. Finally, the crowd became so large that no vehicles could move through it, and in order to complete the noise people kept setting off firecrackers as they do at every festive occasion in China, making them explode with a terrific din, all of which was supposed to bring much happiness to the young couple.

After the fireworks had ended, I asked the groom's father to introduce me to the bride. He led me to a corner of the room where she was sitting. Her dress was made of hand-sewn brocade, and she wore a diadem of gold and green jade on her head. Her face was veiled, but I could see that it was covered with red and white paint, which made it look even more like a mask, for she did not smile. At her side sat two old ladies, relatives of hers, clad in black silk in striking contrast to her brightly colored bridal dress. As we stood before the bride, she rose with the aid of her two relatives, who supported her on both sides, for according to tradition the bride is excited and weak. Then she bowed low to the distinguished guest, who also had to bow in acknowledgment. As she bent forward, she held her hands clasped against her breast in the old Chinese fashion. Not one word was spoken throughout the whole ceremony. The bride spent the entire evening in her corner where she was greeted by the guests one by one.

Meanwhile it was becoming very late. Midnight had passed. The mah-jongg tables were pompously laid in the twinkling of an eye, and the bridegroom's father invited his guests to sit down. Eight guests sat at each table, for eight is a lucky number in China, and then such a quantity of food arrived as even a European gourmet can hardly imagine. I translate here the beautifully written menu, and though I could not taste every dish I can vouch that everything I did taste would have tickled the finest palate in Europe. First of all came 'five big bowls':—

Crab with shark fins
Garoupa (a kind of fish soup)
Soup made of wild duck and fish

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Roast chicken
A sweet soup

Then followed 'five small bowls':—

Minced ham and chicken
Young roast pigeons with nuts and hazel nuts
Mushrooms
Soup made of orange peel and duck
Quail with salad

Anyone who then felt hungry got 'four very small bowls':—

Crabs with vegetables
Chicken with cauliflower
Roast shark fins
Frogs

The meal ended with innumerable little dishes of sweets, candied fruits, nuts with honey, and so forth.

Of course, there were no knives or spoons. Everybody ate in Chinese fashion with two long chopsticks. Instead of a plate a round bowl was placed in front of each guest. Everybody helped himself with his own chopsticks out of the big bowl. A sign of great politeness that no one can refuse is to select a choice morsel from the large bowl and serve it to one's neighbor. Here is another Chinese custom that will seem incredible to the European reader. In order to show his pleasure and to signify that he has really enjoyed the meal, the guest must belch as often and loud as possible, for this noise fills the heart of his host with delight.

Although the meal remained purely Chinese throughout, the drinks showed European influences. Of course, there was Chinese rice wine, but there was also beer, French red wine, port wine, —probably imported from Maçao,— and cognac, all served at once, another proof of how much the Chinese stomach can stand.

The meal was in full swing when the bride suddenly left her corner and, always supported by the two ladies in black, went from table to table offering the guests little cups of tea. The guests then placed on the big lacquered tray that the bride carried pieces of money wrapped up in red silk paper, which were later distributed among the beggars. I shall never forget this scene. It possessed a sympathetic beauty and original charm such as can be found only in China.

At two o'clock, while the others were still eating, I departed, but the celebration itself lasted for two more days and nights. Whether the guests continued to eat and drink as much as they did on the first day I do not know, but it seems to me likely that they did.

II. Spain on Strike

By Roda Roda

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

TOLEDO lies on the Tajo, an hour and a half by bus from Madrid, and it has twenty-seven thousand inhabitants. It is a tiny city with really oriental streets, most of which are so winding and narrow that a loaded donkey cannot pass through them. But how rich Toledo is in splendid old architecture and tradition. Even Livy called Toletum a 'little capital,' and Toledo remained a capital under the West Goths, the Moors, and the

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Castilians. The Emir of the Caliph reigned here, as did the Cid; Cervantes and El Greco lived here. There are few parts of the world where so much history has occurred in so small a space over so many thousand years.

On Sunday we wanted to go from Toledo to Madrid. I went to the bus station early in the morning, which in this part of the world means about eleven o'clock.

'Come at three,' the man in charge told me.

'Why at three?'

'Because we don't know whether the bus will run to-day.'

'I have n't time to come at three, but reserve me a place if the bus runs.'

He reflected and, after long consideration, said, 'Here is the ticket, but,' and he raised his finger impressively, 'there is a strike in Madrid. *Huelga*. Our driver has not decided whether he will join. If he goes on strike, I'll give you back the price of the ticket.'

On this basis the deal was made. The ticket taker then invited me to seal the bargain by having a glass of wine in the near-by tavern. I showed my gratitude by buying a round of wine for all five people who happened to be present, refused the offer that all five made to buy a round apiece as well, paid what I owed,—25 céntimos,—and left.

II

Afternoon. The bus stood ready to depart. The driver had decided not to go on strike. We rattled down the steep streets through the marvelous ancient doors of Toledo and then traversed the green rolling countryside, the latifundia of New Castile on a straight smooth highway. Here and there was a little village that looked completely dead.

An hour and a half later we arrived on the outskirts of Madrid. No metropolis in the world has so few suburbs, and on the edge of the city we encountered signs of life in the form of two members of the Guardia Civil. A hundred yards farther on was a mounted patrol consisting of a non-commissioned officer and two men, also members of the Guardia Civil. A hundred yards farther on was a little group of young men surrounded by members of the Guardia Asalto, who shouted, 'Hands up,' and searched the pockets of the group.

It must be remembered that Spain had just gone through an exciting week. There had been stormy debates in the Cortes about releasing the agitators of 1930, the Social-Democratic and Anarcho-Syndicalist agitators of the Left. To-day, Sunday, the party in power, the clerical group, was holding a meeting in the Escorial, an hour away from Madrid, to the north. The Left-wing parties had planned a counter-demonstration, also in the Escorial, but they were forbidden from going there by the authorities. There was a deep rift dividing all the deputies and the voters, and their points of view clashed sharply. Trouble was expected in the Escorial, and the general strike indicated how high the excitement ran. The words 'clericals' and 'Left' are vague, but they give the outsider a general idea of the situation.

Our bus enters Madrid. Ordinarily, this city seethes with street cars and automobiles, pedestrians and donkeys. To-day, however, there are a great many patrols and only a few people. For one thing, a strike is in progress,

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and, besides, it is Sunday. We arrive at Atocha, the bus stop. But how are we going to get our luggage to where we live, in the northern part of the town? Luckily the bus comes from a garage in that district and takes us there, but—the mechanic shakes his finger and speaks impressively—'You are going at your own risk. If anyone throws a stone through the window or shoots at us, you must take the consequences.'

Nobody throws any stones, and nobody shoots at us. But what excitement we discover when we arrive in our pension. The baker brings us baskets of bread though it is Sunday evening; the butcher is delivering meat, the grocer, chocolate, coffee, and sardines. The servant girls are filling every kind of receptacle with water, including the bathtub. *Huelga.* One must be prepared. But, for Heaven's sake, are we going to drink out of the bathtub? All right, all right. The general strike has not occurred yet, and perhaps everything will go off much more quietly than people have prophesied.

In the Escorial, three thousand feet above the sea, it is snowing to-day, and the wind there is as cold as ice. The clerical newspapers later assert that forty thousand people attended the mass meeting at the Escorial and rejoice in its success. The Left-wing papers, on the other hand, state that only six hundred demonstrators appeared at the Escorial and shivered miserably, so that the Left-wing papers are delighted, too. Meanwhile, the guards and the white-helmeted police keep order in Madrid.

The guards are a curious affair. The Guardia Asalto, or 'Storm Watch,' is composed of slender athletic young men, who have served as non-commissioned officers in the colonial army in Morocco. They are determined, brave, relentless, and therefore greatly feared. The Guardia Civil, on the other hand, with their stylish old-fashioned oil-cloth hats are always hailed with wild enthusiasm. They are dependable, bronzed, capable fellows, and they appear at parades on foot or on horseback, in companies or squads, often with music. They are something like our policemen, dependable, capable, and honest. They are fine fellows. How calm and assured they look. How nobly they sit in their saddles, and how courteously they act toward the people.

Here is the sort of thing that happens in Spain, which is not an orderly country in the usual sense. A street car appears. A poor fellow leaps forward—perhaps he is only a boy—and hangs onto the platform step to get a free ride. If a policeman is standing near by, he looks the other way. Or suppose a newsboy jumps on the street car and goes through it selling his papers, in time to get off at the next stop. The conductor good-naturedly makes no protest. People here feel sympathetic to the poor. When beggars ask for alms, they do it politely: '*Perdone, hermano.*' (Excuse me, brother.)

There are innumerable songs and stories about the Guardia Civil, about their fights with smugglers and gypsies, their cunning, their courage, their exploits. Often, under the monarchy and the republic the Guardia had to turn against the crowd in the city and the country districts, but their popularity has not suffered. And this is because, however hard it may

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go with them, they never lose their fine intimate humanity. It is not that they understand. They merely sympathize.

Sunday night conditions are serious, and the next morning all the newspapers in Madrid announce one dead and many wounded. An English student was seriously hurt at the Puerta del Sol. The Café Aquarium, in spite of the strike, has remained open. Two petards were thrown into the ground floor, and shots were fired at the floors above. I saw the bullet marks: they were made by a little harmless old-fashioned revolver, and the petard did very little damage. People in Spain are very professional about explosives, and they know the difference between bombs and petards.

Finally, there was an anniversary celebration in honor of the officers and men in the guards who had shown bravery in the recent uprisings. At the end of the ceremony there was a banquet. Everyone sat down at the table, from the general to the youngest private; the waiters dutifully pushed the chairs in for the guests, and then—*huelga*. The waiters, being organized by the Left-wing parties, refused to serve any food.

Half an hour later a new squad of waiters arrived, wearing clean shirts and coats. They dutifully prepared to bring in the dishes and serve the soup, meat, and dessert, when suddenly—*huelga*. The new waiters, likewise, would not serve members of the guards who had helped to quell the disturbances. When soldiers were finally recruited from the barracks to serve the guests, the soup was cold, the meat was burned to a crisp—in short, the whole celebration was no more.

III. To the Deacons

ANONYMOUS

From the *Adelphi*, London Literary Monthly

[*The scattered pages of the following letter were found in 'No Man's Land' after the second attack on High Wood in September, 1916, obviously having fallen from the pocket or valise of one of the attackers.*—MARTIN CLEOBURY]

DEAR ALL,

I am writing this letter just before going into an attack on one of the hottest parts of the Somme battlefield. I am writing it to put before you a point of view that has worried me persistently since coming out here and that I have come to accept as reality. Perhaps that may be due to the abnormal physical conditions under which I live or to some acute psychological factor arising from the same cause—but, whatever is the reason for my change of ideas, it does not detract in the least from the power of their conviction.

The little church seems far away from me now. Indeed, it is so remote that I have difficulty in believing it occupied so large a part in my life. The last three months have almost blotted out the previous twenty-five years and made them appear as dream-like and unsubstantial as the War seemed from the pulpit.

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As I try to think back, I see 'through a glass darkly.' Only the present is real. And that is too real. Too stark. Feet are greater than philosophy, and rest is more important than religion. Physical needs are the sum of existence. On occasions I have stumbled into a hole in the mud with wet clothes, exhausted to the limit of human endurance, and dropped into a dead sleep in an inferno of sound. I have drunk water tasting like petrol, from unwashed tins. I have grabbed my food and eaten like a savage after a forty-eight-hour fast. I have placidly regarded personal uncleanliness as quite natural and inevitable. The physical part of existence appears to have become tremendously important. To preserve one's life is the greatest thing in the world. All else is unreal and chimerical. My religion instead of being that 'shield and buckler,' in which I had so much confidence during my ministry, has gone down like a blade of grass before a scythe. My loving and beneficent God has receded under the onslaught of modern war to a very insignificant place.

It is not that I have willed that it should be so. Indeed, when I try to study it calmly, it appears to be the inevitable outcome of physical reactions—but, whatever the cause, my high-sounding phrases of ministerial days are meaningless to me, and I have real difficulty in recalling just what they meant to me then.

It is not that I have not tried to recapture my faith, or that I have become unduly despondent and cynical—it is something more basic than conscious effort can attain. Something that snaps the fine threads of civilization and releases primal instincts. I have reverted to a barbarism of thought and deed that is the more terrible because I know there are other things in life—but those things are so very unimportant now. Only the present is real, and that reality overpowers me with a persistence that reduces parsonic phrases to a euphuistic hotchpotch.

Thus, even if I escape physical death, I know that I can never return to you, because I have already suffered a spiritual extinction, or, perhaps I ought to say, an end of the old religion. Whether or not I can build a new philosophy from my present experience I do not know, and the present is far too uncertain for me to trouble overmuch about the future.

You will realize from what I have said that my enlistment after the sinking of the *Lusitania* was the beginning of a new life. A life, which, though terrible and primal, has shown me how shallow were my foundations. Therefore, I do not wish you to infer that I regret the revelation. I had rather meet life as it is than be led through a dream world with blinkers on, and I welcome it for its salutary effects.

I know you will shake your heads with disapproval, as I would have shaken mine before this experience. You will say that I never had the real faith, and I shall reply that yours has never been questioned. As I examine myself now, I am quite sincere, and I feel that before joining the army I was living in an illusory world that never had existed in reality and never could. A narrow dream world where a nebulous God demanded obedience and offered punishment for default. In which I experienced the insane abandon of the Methodist revival, where one sang hymns with ecstatic emotion

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and prayed with a similar copious fervor—and hymns and prayers alike were the ethereal fringes of the garment of unreality; learned in devious and often forbidden ways the mysteries of sex; where obscenity usurped the natural and a prudish imitation of chastity passed for goodness; where reality was indecent and the truth disreputable. In short, I existed, if not in a fool's paradise, in an ignorant Gehenna, about which there were stark and elemental forces of which I knew nothing.

In this war I have seen naked ferocity of a nature that I had never known could exist in a kind-hearted (?) world. A ferocity that tore out a man's vitals with as little compunction as you eat mutton for your Sunday dinner. I was shocked and at the same time dulled. The crude colors mercifully defeated their object, and the abrupt transition, which unseated reason in some of my fellows, was made bearable by the abortion of imagination. But by this crude midwifery of war thought was born.

Not that the thought is clear and coherent. The change and conditions are too recent and terrible for that. I am too near the experience, but I know that something is dead within me. Whether life will rise from those ashes I do not know; nor am I disposed to inquire too closely, for tomorrow I go from this trench with a rifle and sharpened bayonet, two hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition, and six bombs in my pouch . . . to destroy my brother man. In this I know I shall meet with your sanction and approval, for did you not urge me to 'do my bit'?

I trust that this letter will cause no bitterness in you, for I can assure you there is no room in me for such feeling. Only a kind of dull wonder. But you will realize that whatever the outcome of this conflict I can never return to you. The old ways are dead, and I am, as Matthew Arnold so beautifully puts it,

> Between two worlds, one dead,
> The other powerless to be born.

So you may fill my place, as it is a matter. . . .

The letter ended unfinished.

IV. Mrs. Polonius

By Anne Harris

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

FAR too much has already been said of Shakespeare's skill in creating the characters that are actually *in* his plays, and there is now probably not a single examination candidate whose heart leaps up at the thought of discussing the consummate art and workmanship of Shakespeare as shown in the characters of 'any *two* of the following.' It is, of course, useless to deny that Shakespeare shows a certain amount of skill and even genius in depicting these characters—to do so one would have to ignore the testimony of countless examiners and examinees; but to one who has studied the plays for examination purposes for more than a tenth of a century it

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seems obvious that his masterly workmanship and genius are chiefly revealed in the way in which he has created the characters that are not quite, but very nearly, in the plays—characters that may well be called 'the silent, unheard noises-off of poetry.' Of these 'almost-written' characters (the number of which, of course, depends on the capacity of the reader), next to Queen Lear, 'that she-Hamlet of the Unknown Folio,' probably Mrs. Polonius is the most interesting. Practically all students of *Hamlet* agree that not a single mention of her is made in the text of the play; yet to the reader who is willing to use his powers of deduction and, possibly, a little imagination, she is revealed so clearly that, to use a phrase almost indispensable to examination candidates dealing with questions on characterization, 'we almost feel that we know her.'

The first thing that we discover about Mrs. Polonius, apart from the fact that she is Polonius's wife and mother to Ophelia and Laertes, is that she was undoubtedly the daughter of Queen Gertrude's French music mistress. Perhaps those unused to this sort of Shakespearean criticism will be somewhat startled by this statement, so let us retrace the steps by which we arrived at this important conclusion.

1. Gertrude, when young, like all other princesses, must have been taught French and music. She came of an economical family:—

> Thrift, thrift, Horatio! The funeral bak'd meats
> Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
> —*Hamlet*, I. 2. 181.

If Gertrude could combine funeral and marriage feasts, obviously her mother would economize in governesses, so let us conclude that she had a French music mistress.

2. Laertes and Ophelia are both musical. 'Let him ply his music,' says Polonius, of Laertes (II. 1. 72), and look at the way Ophelia sings when she is mad and even when she is drowning. Polonius is obviously the sort of man 'who hath no music in himself . . . fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils,' so the children must have inherited their love of music from their mother's side of the family.

3. Why should Laertes' 'thoughts and wishes bend . . . toward France' (I. 2. 55) if he has not French relations? Polonius discourages his return to France because he is obviously unwilling for his son to have too much to do with his wife's low-born and foreign relations.

4. Gertrude *would* take a violent fancy to the daughter of her governess and insist on having her as a lady-in-waiting.

5. Polonius has too high an opinion of himself to marry most daughters of French music mistresses, but an alliance with the Queen's favorite gentlewoman would be politic.

Consider these five statements carefully, and, if you are ever to appreciate noises-off, you should be convinced. The very fact that you can take the statements in any order without disturbing the argument proves that our methods are most scientific.

II

Having once established Mrs. Polonius as the daughter of Gertrude's French music mistress, we can easily trace the rest of her history. When Gertrude married Hamlet's father

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and became Queen of Denmark, she brought her gentlewoman with her. At the court there was the King's favorite gentleman (later of course lord chamberlain), a handsome, rather pompous man of about thirty-five, who in the entertainments given in honor of the King's marriage acted Julius Cæsar, a part he had previously taken with great success at the University (III. 2. 110). Gertrude's gentlewoman swooned when he was 'killed i' the Capitol,' and the Queen, who was fond of making matches, at once decided that it would be very nice if a marriage could be arranged between Polonius and her gentlewoman. How far the marriage was arranged by the King and Queen and how far Polonius really 'suffered much extremity for love' (II. 2. 194) is difficult to say, but we may be sure that he spoke of his love in a speech something like this:—

The course of true love never did run smooth.
But love, 't is said, at locksmiths laughs. In spring
A young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love
Lightly, and love is like a red, red rose.
Love's labors lost are not love's labors found
And yet faint heart never fair lady won, etc., etc.

Gertrude's gentlewoman, having few opinions of her own, admired Polonius' way of laying down the law immensely and encouraged him in his habit of quoting precepts.

Mrs. Polonius died when Ophelia was about three years old, leaving Laertes and Polonius to educate the motherless girl. She herself, however, had managed to teach the child some melancholy songs and ballads, which came in useful later. At the 'crowner's quest' it was decided that she had died of melancholy, which was, undoubtedly, in the family, but to which Polonius may have driven her by incessantly trying 'with windlasses and assays of bias' to discover if she was housekeeping efficiently.

So far our discovery of Mrs. Polonius has been mere child's play; the rest would have been silence but for the work of one of Shakespeare's most brilliant but most anonymous critics. But for him we should have had to leave unsolved the hitherto baffling problem of her Christian name and fall back on the theory that she was simply one of Shakespeare's many First Gentlewomen. What *was* her name?

In a speech of Polonius to Ophelia (I. 3. 117) we find this awkward phrase, 'these blazes, daughter, giving,' the letters of which, rearranged, give not only her name, 'Elizabeth,' and, happily for our estimation of Polonius, 'dear,' but also some interesting and important information. When we have removed 'Elizabeth' and 'dear,' there remain the letters, 'ssughtegv-ing,' which in their turn give 'sight,' 'sung,' 'veg.'

The whole sentence now obviously means that dear Elizabeth was wont to sing at sight especially when vegetables were present (for 'veg.' is a well-known Elizabethan abbreviation). For Elizabeth Polonius to sing at sight is in accordance with the intensely musical character we have found her to possess, but why should vegetables move her to song any more than meat or pudding?

This brings us to the last discovery —that, while Mrs. Polonius' mother was without doubt Gertrude's French music mistress, her father was equally certainly a gardener and botanist (nationality unknown). This accounts for the intense interest in botany

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shown by Ophelia and Laertes. Their speeches are full of references to flowers—violet, rose, primrose, rosemary, pansies, fennel, columbine, rue, and daisy are but a few of the flowers mentioned by them. Laertes shows technical knowledge of the habits of the violet and the canker, and his 'primrose path,' which has puzzled so many commentators, may well be a reference to one of the walks in his grandfather's garden.

Polonius's only reference to his wife admirably sums up our final impression of her: a dear, gentle creature, like her daughter Ophelia essentially 'sweet,' and like her, too, finding relief from sorrow in music and vegetables.

Sonnet

By C. Day Lewis

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

THIS man was strong, and like a sea-cape parted
The tides; there were not continents enough
For all his fledged ambitions; the hard-hearted
Mountains were moved by his explosive love:
Was young; yet between island and island
Laid living cable and whispered over seas;
When he sang, our feathery woods fell silent;
His smile put the fidgeting hours at ease.
See him now, a cliff chalk-faced and crumbling,
Eyes like craters of volcanoes dead;
A miser with the tarnished minutes fumbling;
A queasy traveler from board to bed:
The voice that charmed spirits grown insane
As the bark of a dog at the end of a dark lane.

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This short story of how a group of German workingmen distributed a pamphlet in their factory and then turned down the foreman who had turned them down is based on a real occurrence and told by a recently departed refugee.

Rotfabrik Number ONE

By GEORG GLASER

Translated from *Neue Deutsche Blätter*
Prague German-Émigré Literary Monthly

THE first number of *Rotfabrik* gave us no rest. I went to Kilian's place an hour ahead of time. All the others were already standing around in the shop; they could n't wait, either. Kilian laughed and put on his blue sailor's jacket. An empty book shelf hung over his bed. It looked suspiciously bare, and Kilian put a yellow book on it. That made it look more natural. Suddenly his face became serious. He closed the window, although the room overlooked the garden. Then he went out the door and listened over the stairway. We kept quiet. He came back softly, carrying a chisel in his hand. He looked at us exultantly.

Kilian bent over and carefully pried two of the floor boards loose with the chisel. He reached down and pulled out a white package. When he had cut the string and whisked off the dust, the first number of *Rotfabrik* lay on the bed. He laughed like a father. We each took a copy in our hands, felt how thin the paper was between our thumbs and forefingers, and studied the printing, for we had printed it in the dark. We folded each copy and tied them all together with string because we had to be able to handle them easily. Before we distributed them, we ran the tips of our fingers over the pages for fear that they might be damp. Some of us put the pamphlets in our inside coat pockets, others put them inside their shirts. Kilian and I folded ours and stuck them in our coat pockets so that we could reach them easily. We inspected each other, straightened ourselves out a little, and opened the door. The nails on our shoes made the floor creak. After we

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had left the house and walked into the street, we did n't know whether we should go quietly or noisily.

We ran into Teil, the foreman, and his young wife. They belonged to us, and we were glad to have them join us. It was good to have such a trustworthy, honest workingman along. It was half past four. We had a stiff three-hour walk ahead of us. The night shift began at seven. We crossed the dam. Flat country stretched out ahead of us. The September afternoon sun shone faintly, making the little clouds that hung over the forest look blue as tobacco smoke. In the distance shimmered the smoke of the Red Factory. Rabbits hopped through the reeds. The earth looked like velvet. A sharp wind cut through our clothes, and only the papers kept our flesh warm. The square papers seemed to be part of our clothes.

Our anxiety increased, and our precautions seemed ridiculous even to ourselves. Already we were tired. The cold wind chilled our eager hopes. We remembered only that six months had passed since we had had any kind of association. Publishing the *Rotfabrik* had almost consoled us. Our factory had five thousand employees, and a hundred copies of the paper had been printed. Perhaps we should have to conclude that all our publication troubles had come to naught. It would have taken only a word to have persuaded all of us to throw the papers in the Nidda. Each one hoped that somebody else would speak, but nobody said the word. We therefore kept putting one foot in front of the other and walked the first hundred yards along the dam as if we were approaching a watchdog.

We ran along the Nidda. Beyond the dam and the stream itself there was a broad stretch of fallow land, in which the water had eaten deep holes. There were a few reeds, a little pasturage, and some grass that had been burnt black. Teil and his young wife went ahead of us. He worked in Ceha Filling Room 53, and we had written the following story about this part of the establishment:—

INVITATION TO THE WAR HEROES!

'While filling the great iron pot on the twelfth of August, Johannes Erl, a worker in Ceha Filling Room 53, discovered some strange liquid substance on his hands and the inside of his thighs, for he had to hold the container between his legs. This liquid, which ate through his clothes, had first appeared on Hitler's birthday. The worker therefore knew nothing about it and paid no attention to a few spots. In the evening he was taken to the factory hospital with a sore throat. The parts of his skin that the liquid substance had touched were covered with pimples, and the pimples kept spreading. Soon his thighs, his sexual organs, his groin, the lower part of his body, his hands and forearms were attacked. On the third day his eyes became affected, and the comrade stopped taking the matter lightly. After a week his lungs filled with water like a sack. He could hardly breathe. His lungs felt like lead; and three days later he turned blue. Two weeks after the first infection, he died. His place in the filling room has not been taken yet. Hurrah, German war heroes! Volunteer!'

At one place the trees came down to the dam, and blackthorn hung over it. Then they suddenly withdrew. The dam ran like a welt across the

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endless plain. The two Teils were almost a hundred yards ahead of us. He was a big broad fellow and walked like a peasant. We let them alone, and they were glad of it. They stuck together like frightened children. We knew why. The girl was to be moved into the filling room, and, ever since Teil knew that, he could not get the weight of it off his mind. The wind pressed her coat close to her body. She was a small girl. Her movements were a little awkward, and her face a little immature. We all watched her. She was carefully carrying a little blade of grass, holding it like a needle between the thumb and forefinger of her free hand.

Nobody said a word. If anyone had opened his mouth, even to talk about things at home or what he planned to do on Sunday, he would have discussed the thing that obsessed us all. We kept quiet so that we could hear the rustle of the reeds and forget about the Red Factory, which we were approaching.

Two big birds circled motionless above us. It was growing dark. The water shone like liquid metal. The path through the bright rustling reeds looked as if it had been made by prehistoric animals. The whole scene had the aspect of some forgotten antediluvian landscape. On the far horizon beyond shone the lights of the Aulicher Dye Works, which people called the Red Factory.

The lights dropped away behind us to the left. We had to go down from the top of the dam and run along a narrow path between garden fences, which led straight to the factory. The ground was slippery. We cursed because we kept sliding.

Two lanterns in an open space showed the way. They cast a yellow light and gave forth blue smoke, but it all looked like one color. Houses with rabbit hutches flanked the square, which we crossed before going down a narrow street. Board fences separated the houses, and in the background rose the windowless side of the miserable barracks. The smell of the Red Factory drifted our way. Its tanks and chimneys rose up behind the roofs of the surrounding houses. Women were going marketing. The brightest sign in the street was the bar called *Rotfabriker*. Couples loitered in the doors of the houses. Young Hitlerites stood on the corners, scarcely noticing us.

We went to the bar. We could hardly feel happy. Lanterns shone faintly. There [illegible] shops had bells that rang when you opened the door. People looked at us. We were Red Factory workers. After our shift our hands would be red, green, blue, or yellow, depending on where we worked, and we had the chemical itch. Children often came along with us—the workers' children.

A few men stood in a lunch room. A member of the company police sat at a table. Empty newspaper holders hung on the walls. The doors of a little room stood open, and white chairs had been placed around the tables. The floor was waxed, and we often came here on Sundays to dance. The factory girls wore homemade clothes, which were very tight over their breasts and buttocks. We all smiled at them and drank beer, as if it were a pleasure. The girls looked at us, and we looked at them. Everyone pretended not to see that our hands were stained, our faces tense, and that poison was in our souls. But they did see it just the

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same. That is why we were all angry. Even at the height of excitement our sadness sobered us.

Thousands of arc lights in the Red Factory shimmered through the murky night. The last shift was still on the job. The workers on the night shift moved in an unbroken line. We passed the others on the broad slope in front of the factory where the new saltpeter department was to be built. The two Teils were with us. The air had grown dusty, and the girl was disturbed, having noticed how upset Teil appeared. She grasped a button on her young man's jacket and asked about her new job. She wanted to cheer him up, and perhaps she was a little afraid herself. 'It is n't so bad, is it?' she asked.

'Not so bad, girl,' [illegible] ahead of him. He had another face. We watched him closely. It seemed to us as if we missed something in him.

The Red Factory roared away. We had other anxieties than the fear of being discovered after we had gone through the gate and could no longer hear the noise of our own footsteps. Up to now nobody knew that we even existed. But as soon as some people are arrested others are searched, and we were planning to bring out another paper, which would be even more difficult. There would surely be incidents. Unrest and danger would overwhelm us like an avalanche. There would be no end to it once we were found out. It might be a matter of life and death.

II

The factory loomed ahead of us, and the Hitler guards stood at the gate. Our mouths went dry. If we look this way it will be clear what we're up to. Yet we have no choice and cross the yard. Each man feels as if he were bearing his own cross.

Our working clothes, which we put on, were damp and cold. The thick soles of the wooden shoes made us taller. We stuck the newspapers inside our clothes. Our shirts were heavy with dirt. We stuffed paper in our matchboxes so that they would not rattle. Teil came with us to the wash room. We walked slowly across the yard, and our wooden shoes clattered. We felt colder than ever. A fine rain had set in, soaking our shirts and jackets. In order to keep our matches dry, we carried them in our hands and put our hands in our pockets. The black dust of the factory path had turned to mud. An old man came running over to us across the court. Teil saw him first. The factory had stopped. It was the pause between two shifts. The cars on the elevated track rattled monotonously.

When Teil saw the old man approaching us, he glanced sharply over the black walls. He knew what the old man wanted to tell him. He thought of the answer that he had been carrying around with him like a secret plan. The chief shouted out to him. We did n't want to go too close and simply remained where we were. The old man grasped the arm of the foreman, who turned pale with excitement, but Teil pulled himself together and clung to his decision to speak.

'Foreman Teil,' said the old man, 'go to Section 3 of the women's quarter and get nine working girls there. Put them in Ceha 53. Make the necessary explanations and so on and so forth.'

The rain fell from the black sky, and the arc lights glittered. The cars

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on the elevated tracks and the round sides of the tanks rose high above, and no noise came from them. The air smelt of iron and gas. We all knew what Ceha 53 meant and looked at Teil, the man we trusted to speak our minds. Rain drops rolled down his cheeks.

'Chief,' he asked, 'could n't you say that to somebody else? I'm not the man for it. I can't stand it any more. They're hardly more than children.'

He was disturbed by the eyes of the old man looking straight at him. He stopped in the middle of his sentence, and the chief gazed at him as if from a great distance. The foreman recognized that at this minute he had been definitely cut loose from his former life. He stood among us, a beaten man, as if he had been caught stealing. Hopelessly, he tried to explain himself, but the old man interrupted.

'Go on and get the women, and don't start telling stories.'

Teil understood nothing. He had wanted to unburden himself, but in a quiet orderly fashion. He did not know the meaning of the words he had spoken. He looked at the chief, whose slender neck was a bright, well-lit target. The gold rims of his spectacles glittered in the lamplight and looked just as elegant as he did. He was clean and neat and smelt of toilet soap. Teil looked down at himself and got a whiff of his own smell of the factory and sweat. For a moment he was seized by an animal hatred of such elegant flesh. And then he looked helplessly from one to another. Everyone had fallen silent. Our eyes turned away because we could not help him any more. We noticed his eyes searching for ours, and we began to hate him. We thought about the first number of *Rotfabrik*. Things were going harder with us.

III

We went on to the filling room because we had to be ready before the whistle blew. We stood around the entrance for a moment. Every worker, except those who come here for the first time, stops at the threshold before entering. We looked down the long shed. Everything was just the way the night shift had left it a few minutes ago. Half filled iron pots, rags, and tools. We walked between the long rows of iron pipes as if we were crossing a waste land. Thin steam rose from open kegs. It settled like fine dew on the cold iron of the handles and the pots. Then the girls washed off the stain with their hands. It ate into the skin and the flesh so that their fingers looked like moth-eaten cloth. With these hands they had to keep raising the heavy iron pots from the tables, and new pots kept taking their places. If the tables were not cleared off, the iron pot would tip over and spill. A thick reddish mud covered the ground and the table tops. It clung to the walls, the barracks, and the tools like a mixture of blood and fat, and it coated the lower parts of the iron pots, making them look smooth as a fish's belly. They did not look as if anyone could hold them fast, and if they fell they covered the girl who carried them with the same moist substance that had killed Johannes Erl.

We went through the door and looked about us. Foreman Teil departed, which was all right with us, for we were at the foot of the ladder leading up to the tank. We stood together

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for a second and tried to read courage in each other's faces. It was like a farewell before a long departure. We exchanged handclasps and once again made sure that we had everything with us. We separated and would have been glad to hear even a word of sorrow, such as we were accustomed to. We had to move, not too quickly, not too slowly. If the first newspapers did not appear within five minutes, no one could leave his post.

In 1923, one of the two tanks had exploded. It was eight o'clock in the morning and time to set out for school. Our workers' village lay three hours from the Red Factory, but the roofs of all the houses looked as if they had been covered with paper. We were sent to school because the second tank might blow up. People did not want to stay at home, and we went to the village where the gypsies dwelt. Far away we saw smoke and an open space where the Red Factory with its suburbs had stood.

The factory and the outlying houses had been rebuilt, and people came to live there again. The tanks were much bigger than before. They were as tall as towers but much thicker. They could be seen from all the surrounding country; people would point them out to their children and say, 'The one on the right blew up in 1923.' People did n't yet know why, though about 1,400 men were killed. Not one man on the early shift returned.

Now we were alone. Kilian had gone to the second tank with the others. The lower part of the ladder had been removed. We pulled off our wooden shoes and tied them together. Heiner stood with his back to the wall at the foot of the ladder, and by climbing on his shoulders we could reach the bottom rung. After we had climbed up quietly we became fully conscious of the danger of our position. We did not dare to think. The tank was bubbling as if something were cooking inside. We did n't know much about it and felt nervous.

At the level of the elevated railway we were glad because we had left the big lamps below us and were clambering up into complete darkness. The air was cleaner. The cold wind drove the rain in our faces. A platform with a landing ran around the tank. Above the ladder was a square opening in the narrow platform. We crawled through it and found ourselves on top of the tank. We ran across the gently arched roof to the platform on the other side, pulling out our papers as we went, and tied them to the railing. We knotted the string that was bound around the papers to the siren cord. If the siren had blown then, it would have been all up with us, but we could not be seen from below against the arc lights. When the siren blew in four minutes, the cord would cut through the knot, and the papers would fall to the ground. We hurried down from the tank and reached our places in these four minutes.

The siren blows. A rotten business. Hunger at home and in the factory. People are being carried away by a torrent. There is no time for us to breathe. One can't even stand and look about. We have no choice, and that is why we cannot loiter when the siren blows. The first number of *Rotfabrik* is the first step. These thoughts pour into us and fill us with fresh air. Our chests expand.

For ten minutes the damp slime keeps the dust from your mouth and nose, and then a layer of dirt begins

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to form inside your throat, and your head begins to ache. It must be well over a hundred degrees in the drying room, and a hundred and fifty men and women are gradually being destroyed here. If one of the round towers opens,—and a chain will do it,—a cloud of heat and poison dust pours out and burns the lungs of any man who breathes it. After five hours we cannot think any more. Every movement hurts. We no longer believe that we shall live till the next day. Through the window we see bright squares of light, peering out of the other sheds into the darkness of the night. When we think of our copy of *Rotfabrik*, it is like suddenly waking from a nightmare. We also think of the girls in the filling room, but our minds work only at moments. We do our work as if we were asleep. Everything is like a stream in which we are swimming and in which our thoughts float around us.

IV

But this night was not like the others. Everything seemed to move much more slowly. At two o'clock a girl in the filling room had an accident. Our faces were covered with a crust of slime, dust, and sweat. We could not wash it away because our hands were too dirty and we had no time. Nevertheless, we could see that everything was in confusion. Kilian had stopped working. Everyone was tired. At three o'clock Teil appeared and looked for Kilian. He hurried over to him. We could n't hear anything over the noise, but we saw Kilian come to life, and we saw Teil's face, for we had all looked away and had forgotten to work. Both of them stood in the middle of the drying room with their backs against the door and did not see the young Hitlerites come in.

The hundreds of different noises from tubes and kettles continued, yet everything seemed still. We stood fighting off fatigue and filth, merely looking through the door in which the black uniforms of the Hitler guards stood out against the bright square of light. Kilian and Teil looked behind them and turned. We confronted the guards as if we were about to fight hand to hand, and we knew that the war against us had begun. Inside, in spite of all our exhaustion and anxiety, we were glad that the number of *Rotfabrik* had done its duty. The girls stood still, too. They wore only thin linen clothes on account of the heat. Galloping consumption had made their cheeks and bodies hollow. Cheap rouge glistened on their lips, and each one wore a swastika cross on a little chain around her neck. Old Hännes stood beside us. He had only one eye because caustic soda had put out the other one. When the young Hitlerites entered, he quickly put one hand in his pocket and slowly drew it out again. He looked tensely at the door. Our staring at the young Hitlerites raised a cold wall between them and us.

The peasant-like faces of the Hitler guards showed amazement as a hundred pairs of eyes turned against them. The old man from Ceha-53 appeared with them and shouted, 'Foreman Teil, step forward.' We saw the shining pistol butts and the little bayonets that the young Hitlerites wore. We thought of our task, and anxiety weighed us down. The lights had a hostile glow. The workers around Teil and ourselves wanted to look at him from the side but did not dare.

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We merely wanted him to go, although we suffered with him. But we were afraid for ourselves. When he did not move, we began to hate having him with us. At this moment we had no sympathy. Teil observed everything that was going on around him. He felt deserted and betrayed. Fear gripped him. He thought of his wife. He could never see her again. He seemed to know why he was arrested.

Worker Hännes pulled his hand quietly out of his pocket and let fall a crumpled piece of paper. It was a copy of *Rotfabrik*. We recognized it though it was soaked in sweat and dirt. It lay at his feet, and he kicked it gently to one side. The young Hitlerites waited a moment in silence while the old man shouted once again, slowly, earnestly, as if to make certain that no one misunderstood him, 'Foreman Teil!'

Nobody moved. A heel grated on the stone floor. We all heard it, but nobody turned. Teil moved slowly forward. Between us and the young Hitlerites was a kind of no man's land. Teil wanted to stand firm and dispute, but he knew perfectly well how hopeless it was. But he must do something. He felt us behind him; he felt his back covered. But we could not help him, and he must have known it. He tried to pull himself together, but all he could do was to stammer, 'What's the matter? I have n't done anything, have I?'

The young Hitlerites seized him. When they laid their hands on him, a kind of tremor ran through us. We felt ashamed, as if we had committed some wrong. We stood in the window as he was led across the court and looked after him. All of us had angry faces. But Teil had been foreman. No one could have rightly stood up for him. Our mouths were dry. The war had begun. We looked through the window and saw that it would soon be light. The night was over, and it had seemed like a year.

In the washroom, we met the workers on their way to the early shift. After them came the late shift, and then we came back again. Always the same thing, over and over, with no end to it.

Teil's wife was standing by the door. We let her come along with us. The shops in the little houses were still closed. We went through the outlying district. The doors of the houses stood open. Cigarette butts lay on the sidewalk. A big truck went down the street. The motor roared and quivered with power.

We passed the hospital where a light was shining from the operation room. An ambulance stood at the door. We then went by the gardens, and the marsh lay before us, white with mist. We could not see far. Teil had been arrested. Behind us we still heard the roar of the Red Factory. Again we passed through the forest and came to the dam. The trees were shedding their leaves, and we could gather wood.

We shall soon be cut down, too. We breathe the wind but cannot take pleasure in it. The night still dwells in us, and the marsh is no place for us. Teil's wife clings to Kilian. He does n't like it, but he takes her arm. The waves of the Nidda splash gently. It is cold in the morning. The forest is blue as steel, elsewhere all is gray, and the fields are damp. Ah, well. We shall live again. Now let us all pull ourselves together, grit our teeth, and try to run a race so that the air will come into us again and the night go out.

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BOOKS ABROAD

AN EXPERIMENT WITH TIME. *By J. W. Dunne. London: Faber and Faber. 1934.*

(Sir John Squire in the *Sunday Times*, London)

IT IS seldom indeed that either I or anybody else reviews the third edition of any contemporary book. But this third edition contains 'new matter,' and it is, in any case, so important that no opportunity of calling attention to it should be neglected. For it proposes a complete revolution in our ideas about life, immortality, and the universe; and it is written by a scientific man, and not a crank. Mr. Dunne, in brief, believes that the future is often foreseen in dreams. He was the first man in Britain to design and fly a military airplane, and his only other book was about fly fishing. A normal man who has stumbled upon astonishing facts and been compelled to develop an astonishing theory.

His book consists of two parts, one of which may be ignored by the non-mathematical layman. His 'Serialist Theory' of the universe, which involves any number of dimensions, may, or may not, be true, but it would certainly bewilder the man or woman in the street. One of his chapters begins:—

'Consider, now, the situation represented in Fig. 12. When in (absolute Time) field 2 is at GH, the substratum between *a* and *H* comprises an ordered arrangement of three-dimensional cerebral states, all in the future part of Time I. That ultimate thinker who is the observer of dreams—which involve the observation of field 2 as present—observes, let us say, at that moment, one of these future states, *b*. After waking, when field 2 is at G^1H^1 and field 1 is at O, this thinker intervenes at O.'

Even copying this out almost reduces one to pulp. All this mathematical part of the book must be left to the Einsteins, Eddingtons, and Jeanses of the world; the rest of us had better not even pretend to understand it. But the thing that matters is whether or not the future is foreseen in dreams: that fact has to be established before we are in need of multi-dimensional theories for explaining it.

When Mr. Dunne's last edition appeared, I remember suggesting (as he had only drawn on the experiences of himself and a few friends) that he should form a society of people who would conscientiously write their dreams down in books and report later to G. H. Q. Dunne any events foretold in them. The society has not yet been formed, but Mr. Dunne appears (judging from a new appendix) to have come across a good many unassociated individuals who were willing to do their best. They have sent their records to him; most of them he labels as 'moderate' or 'indifferent'; a few are 'good,' and those are the ones that matter. Mr. Dunne, in the most scientific manner, catalogues his reports thus:—

'32. The dream record runs: "I think I am going to Honolulu. I see an island in the distance."

'*Waking Event.*—In a film that the subject saw the approach to Honolulu was described.

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'*Interval.*—Two days.
'*Value.*—Good.'

Mr. Dunne has already collected enough examples of prevision in dreams (mostly of quite unimportant things) to make explanation by coincidence difficult. But, in a skeptical world, he will not carry conviction entirely until he has a dream-recording society passing on its dreams to an office as soon as they are dreamed and sending in notes of the confirmatory events afterward.

It seems to me that the Society for Psychical Research (once, in the old days of telepathy, so much in the public eye) might switch over to Mr. Dunne and mobilize its members to dream recording. It is a bother to record a dream—particularly if one has something to do as soon as one wakes up. There is also the complication that if one goes to bed with the firm intention of writing down one's dreams as soon as one wakes, one may have a restless night, pestered, during one's dreams, by thoughts of their being dreams on which one has promised to report. Someone to wake one up and remind one, someone on whom one can put complete reliance, is probably the solution of that.

At all events, here is this stupendous challenge to current ideas thrown out—and by a man with a first-class intellect. I never yet met a person who read this book and was not impressed by it, and among my acquaintances who have read it have been a good many disdainful rationalists. Its facts may be unrepresentative; its hypotheses *may* be without foundation. But they are momentous enough to be worth a trial.

The obstinate persistence of the book, the demand for new and revised editions do suggest that the human material for Mr. Dunne's investigations does exist somewhere. Bacon or Aristotle, confronted with such a theory, would have started assembling facts on a large scale.

B. U. F., Oswald Mosley and British Fascism. *By James Drennan. London: John Murray. 1934.*

(R. Palme Dutt in the *Labour Monthly*, London)

NINE years ago the *Labour Monthly*, in its issue of July, 1925, had occasion to give warning of the embryonic menace of 'British Fascism.' At that time the principal danger was the prevalent attitude of the labor movement, both Right and Left, to regard the possibility of Fascism in Britain as only a subject for laughter—'comic opera organization,' 'blue-blooded exuberance,' 'Boy Scout mentality,' 'playing at revolution,' and so forth, as the language of the *Daily Herald* and other labor organs then ran. Against this attitude it was at that time necessary to point out that there was a serious basis for Fascism in Britain and that, despite the awkwardness and antics of the early attempts, the working-class movement would do well to treat the signs with perfect seriousness from the start and prepare its organized measures accordingly.

To-day this stage has long been passed. The Labor Party, after assisting the growth of Fascist economic and political tendencies in its governmental policy and suppression of the militant workers, has even begotten from its midst a modern Fascist movement under the leadership of a former labor-government minister. The talk of Fascism is universal, and no longer

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so merry, after its advance and victory in Central Europe and the demonstration of its ugly rôle. The danger in the ranks of the reformist-led labor movement has rather become the alternative danger of exaggerating the invincibility of Fascism and beginning to stare at its growth with the fascination of a hypnotized rabbit, staring into the eyes of the snake that will devour it instead of getting active to take the necessary measures to deal with this latest technique of modern capitalism in its last stages.

The early attempts at Fascist movements in Britain were overweighted with retired brigadier generals, rear admirals, and the general entourage of the Duke of Northumberland and the *Morning Post*. They ingenuously proclaimed in public their aim to be 'counterrevolutionary.' They understood nothing of the social-demagogic technique of Fascism and the necessity to put on an appearance of a 'popular' movement. In consequence, despite their police connections and assistance, they won no hold or political influence.

Modern Fascism in Britain had to develop out of laborism. Through the stages of the Mosley group in the Labor Party, comprising seventeen labor members of Parliament, and of the New Party, developed the British Union of Fascists in 1932. This may not be the final form but represents a more advanced stage for two reasons. First, its labor origins have given it a certain degree of experience in social-demagogic technique, on which it endeavors to concentrate. Second, it has considerable financial backing from wealthy sources, as well as the support of the publicity machine of the millionaire Rothermere press.

It is of this organization, whose exploits in emulation of the bands of Hitler and Mussolini have already become notorious in Britain, that this book is an official exposition, issued by the old-established publishing firm of John Murray, which has already given publicity to Fascist views through the pages of the High Tory *Quarterly Review*. Here the hooligan, terrorist aims of decaying capitalism are set out in polite, learned, 'philosophical' terms to delude the fools among the intelligentsia.

WHO is its author? He purports to be James Drennan. 'James Drennan,' however, is evidently a pseudonym for W. E. D. Allen, the former Conservative member of Parliament for West Belfast during 1929–31. This conclusion appears inevitable, since whole sections and passages in the book are word for word identical with an article on the 'Fascist Idea in Britain' by W. E. D. Allen, appearing in the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1933. We may therefore from this point ignore the thin mask of the would-be classless Fascist popular champion, Drennan, and deal with the reality, the upper-bourgeois Conservative company director, Allen, educated at Eton, former special correspondent of the *Morning Post*, of the Bucks Club, Bachelors Club, and Royal Ulster Yacht Club. This West End clubman of Ulster and *Morning Post* origins is the suitable official exponent of British Fascism, 'the modern movement.'

The argument of this book is more marked by purple passages, reminiscent of a younger Disraeli, than by any serious or coherent content. Long tirades on the 'bourgeois mind' and

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'bourgeois democracy,' plagiarized from the dregs of a distorted Marxism, long excerpts from Scanlon's very shallow *Decline and Fall of the Labor Party*, still longer excerpts from the bombastic pseudo-philosophic balderdash of a Spengler comprise the great part of its contents. Mosley is duly presented from the first page in the language of a cinema star: 'A great glamour . . . gallant, rather arrogant air . . . a big man of blood and bone, of strong tones, no feeble creature of gray shadings . . . a personality.' Hitler and Mussolini are 'Cæsar men . . . out of the earth,' 'the needle-points of a vast corporate surge of great millions of Cæsar men who emerge to make out of the formless life of the modern world the massive structure of a modern Cæsarism, which is the Fascist revolution.' 'There is a blood urge, a spiritual passion, a mighty mystical import in the movement of the modern Faustian man.' And plenty more where that came from, to make the groundlings gape and impart a showman's air of profound wisdom.

This inflated, spiritual, mystical language is no accident. It is the traditional language of all reactionary movements to hide their real character. The mystical and openly non-rational character of Fascist ideology and propaganda is only the inevitable expression of its class rôle to maintain the domination of a doomed and decaying class. This type of 'ideal' 'spiritual' language is the familiar language of all scoundrels, rogues, war profiteers, gangsters, Kreugers, Al Capones, Morgans, MacDonalds, Mussolinis, Hitlers, Romanovs, and all who live by preying on their fellow human beings and cannot face a plain, rational, materialist examination of their rôle and of the organization of society.

And indeed the author proudly rejects 'theory' and exalts 'feeling.' 'Fascism has no long pedigree of theory, like socialism, liberalism, Communism, and other products of the intellectual laboratory. Fascism is real insurrection,—an insurrection of feeling,—a mutiny of men against the conditions of the modern world.'

However, there remains in fact a 'theory' of every movement, even though it is not expressed. When the aim of that movement is in reality the terrorist dictatorship of finance-capital, it is natural that it should not wish to express that aim too clearly. Accordingly, the programme to which this 'insurrection of feeling' is to be directed is presented in suitably vague terms: 'The Fascist is concerned with the problem of power, and he aims at the achievement of power through action. When he has secured power, he applies further action to the realities of the moment, as they exist in that moment when he has the responsibility of exercising power over the state.' This kind of 'programme,' which out-MacDonalds MacDonald in unsurpassable woolliness, is admirably suited to cover the practical and very unidealistic aims of finance-capital from being too clearly expressed to the dupes who have to carry it out in an intoxicated 'insurrection of feeling.'

The central thought of this book—if it is not an insult to the author to accuse him of 'thought'—is simple in the extreme. This representative of the bourgeoisie is acutely conscious that British capitalism is in decay. The panic fear of decline and decay breathes through every line of his

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book. He quotes Mosley: 'What I fear much more than a sudden crisis is a long, slow crumbling through the years until we sink to the level of a Spain, a gradual paralysis beneath which all the vigor and energy of this country will succumb.'

The pessimist outpourings of Spengler, the journalist-smatterer, pseudo-philosopher, product of German imperialism driving on to the rocks, whose *Decline of the West* appeared in 1918, dominate the book, as they dominate all Fascist literature. Spengler is the prophet of the inevitable decline and collapse of 'western' civilization. His conclusions are so openly pessimistic that the Fascists have officially to deny them; but they remain under his spell. Drennan-Allen writes: 'Spengler's interpretation of world history is a colossal monument to the European mind . . . His interpretation of past history remains valid and constitutes a base from which modern man may begin to interpret his own present and to modify his own future.' What is the teaching of this 'colossal' prophet? Spengler writes: 'Only dreamers believe that there is a way out. Optimism is cowardice. We are born into this time and must bravely follow the path to the destined end. There is no other way. Our duty is to hold on to the last position, without hope, without rescue . . . . The honorable end is the one thing that cannot be taken from a man.'

With this may be compared Mussolini's 'above all, we have no belief in happiness' and 'Fascism denies the materialist conception of happiness as a possibility.' 'Hopeless we may be,' declares the *Blackshirt* (September 16–22, 1933), 'yet we have the hope of doomed men.' The overpowering consciousness of decline and decay, the recklessness of despair of a doomed class—this is the heart of the ideology of Fascism. Against this, Communism, with its unconquerable optimism, with its certainty of victory, with its belief in the possibility of universal happiness, is the ideology of the rising class, of the working class.

There is no attempt on the part of this Tory die-hard run wild to analyze scientifically the real meaning of this decline of which he is conscious and track its roots in the mode of production and class relations. Such an analysis would lead inevitably to Communist conclusions; and, therefore, this bourgeois with true instinct fears and denounces all reason and theory as the Devil. His only hope is that this decline may somehow be arrested by a superhuman effort of will, by an 'insurrection of feeling.' He appeals to the younger bourgeoisie: 'Fascism appeals alike to those elements among the younger-minded middle class who are conservative by temperament and strongly nationalist in spirit and to those rarer and more dynamic individuals who, naturally revolutionary in their outlook, have been disappointed and exasperated by the failure of all leadership from the Left to approach any fulfillment of their aspirations.' The appeal is to 'the younger-minded middle class' and to 'dynamic individuals'; for him the majority of the nation, the workers, the real power, do not exist.

Fascism, he declares, is 'a mutiny against destiny,' 'a conscious revolt against the machine.' Here he speaks truer than he knows and by this proclaims the doom of Fascism, for Fascism is the last desperate attempt

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of the dying bourgeoisie to defeat their 'destiny,' to defeat and arrest the onward march of the productive forces, of the 'machine,' which, from being the idol of the bourgeoisie, has now become their nightmare and the emblem of the future victory of Communism.

With aching heart he looks longingly for a return to the 'conditions of the twelfth century.' He dreams of a reign of 'blood' and 'violence' to wipe out the hated forces of progress: 'The powers of the blood, unbroken bodily forces, resume their ancient lordship. The airman, type of the modern warrior of the Faustian world, stalks with cynical laughter over the ruins of the Reichstag. Out of the night of history old shadows are appearing . . . The figure of the Leader . . . comes out into the stark day—in the grim serenity of Mussolini, in the harsh force of Hitler. And behind them stride the eternal condottieri—the gallant, vivid Balbo, the ruthless Göring.' With this appropriate celebration of the 'eternal condottieri,' with this exultant glorification by the super civilized West End clubman of the bandit Balbo and the gorilla Göring, we may take our leave of this typical product of bourgeois decay, who longs to see his sinking order saved in a sea of blood of the proletariat. He believes that with all this celebration of blood and violence he is expressing something fresh, 'vivid,' 'dynamic'—to use his favorite words. He does not realize that just this blood lust, this worship of violence, is the supreme expression of bourgeois decadence and decay.

The reader will find no value in this book for any real statement or explanation of Fascism. The true rôle of Fascism, as the organ of finance-capital, is concealed under a single comically reluctant reference to the 'unwilling support of harassed capitalists.' The usual myths of the fictitious Fascist 'conquest of power' are presented. In Italy 'opposition crumbled . . . the elaborate façade of the bourgeois-democratic state has collapsed' —with no hint that the state and army authorities directly organized the growth of Fascism (on October 20, 1920, the Minister of War issued a General Staff order to all divisional commanders to support and assist the Fascist organizations) and then put it in power without even a pretense of a conflict. In Germany 'the Nazis . . . were ultimately placed in power as the result of a general election'—with no hint that the Nazis were heavily sinking in the last election before they were placed in power, lost two million votes, and were then hastily, because they were in danger of sinking, placed in power by Hindenburg, who had been elected president by a majority vote of the population, as the supposed 'champion' against Hitler. But it would be useless to look for any accurate knowledge of facts whatever in this author. The only value of this book is as a photographic self-exposure of the mind of the bourgeoisie in decay, as it turns to Fascism.

UN MORT TOUT NEUF. *By Eugène Dabit. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 1934.*

(Edmond Jaloux in the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris)

WE LEARN on the first page of Eugène Dabit's new novel that a man called Albert Singer has died in the bed of a woman named Paula, whom he had frequented for several years. Paula and the doctor rush out

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into the rue de Belleville on the morning of January 2 to inform Singer's sister, who runs a bar with her husband, Ferdinand Dieulet, of her brother's death. The novel ends on January 5, after the burial. Between these two dates nothing happens except the series of reaction in a family to the death of one of its members. There is no romantic element whatever in *A Man Just Dead*. There is n't even any drama about his estate. Albert Singer left what he wanted to his heirs in a way that appears unjust, but his decisions are accepted without anger. Eugène Dabit belongs to that class of writers who see nothing happening in life. For one can divide all novelists into two classes: those who take their characters at a period when nothing happens and those who prefer the moment when there is something going on—what Paul Bourget calls a crisis. There is no crisis in *A Man Just Dead*.

Albert Singer began life as a business man, and, after this, he and one of his brothers, known as 'big Edward,' bought and ran a small hotel. After this enterprise had prospered, Albert set up a shirtshop and retired, having made a modest fortune, as did Edward. But the rest of his family were poor. One of his nephews was an office boy, and the others ran errands. The whole family dwelt within the frontiers that include the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, a group that is perhaps more numerous than any other in France, except the farmers. From this point of view Eugène Dabit's book is extremely interesting and most significant, for he seems to know his background thoroughly. Here is none of the pessimism that one felt in Roger Martin du Gard's *Vieille France*, which was so gloomy that I could hardly share the enthusiasm of some critics.

M. Dabit's characters are faithfully portrayed to the utmost limits of veracity. If they were pushed a little further, they would become caricatures; and, if they were not pushed so far, they would appear dull. I may add that it is extraordinary how absorbed one can become for two hundred and fifty pages in characters who are so completely without any kind of interest. Not that one reads *A Man Just Dead* with very great pleasure, and perhaps it seems a little like a study in entomology, for that is almost exactly what it is. André Thérive, who has spoken very eloquently of this book, pointed out how many of M. Dabit's characters have no moral life and almost no personal life. They are difficult to characterize. Some of them are rich, others are comfortably off, but they all worry about nothing but money, which they love not to use but to invest. They have no idealism, no general point of view, no notion of what may be going on outside their own circle, although they read the newspapers. Their sole trait is that they are democrats. When we remember that individuals of this kind exist by the hundred thousand, we get a little better understanding of our political condition.

THE most astonishing character in the book is Albert Singer. He never wanted to get married. He thought only of economizing. In order to enjoy adventures that cost him nothing, he inserted advertisements in the newspapers announcing to any available ladies that a man with some money wanted to get married. Albert

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Singer lived alone in a two-room apartment, consisting of a bedroom and a dining room. He laid newspapers on the floor in front of the stove so as not to soil the well-varnished floor. He kept his securities in his military canteen, and he also filed his correspondence and the notes that he took, covering his successes with the women or the number of miles he had gone in his automobile. Albert Singer read nothing, yet there were two books in his house, *L'Aiglon* and *L'Anglais commercial.* After his death his nephew, Gaston, took them.

When we see the sordidness of this existence and remember that Albert Singer had a Renault automobile, we discover something about our time. What is called progress, or at least a part of progress, the cinema, the radio, and travel, has been grafted on to this crass body, this crass morality, this crass intellect without affecting them. The same people who used to get along without anything now enjoy certain distractions yet continue to haggle over everything else. M. Dabit indulges in no reflections on this subject. He shows us these human insects without comment, without irony, without pity, without sympathy, with a certain technical assurance and a gift of extracting humor from picturesque little details.

A Man Just Dead is particularly lugubrious. I know that the subject makes it so. For four days the reader hears about a cumbersome corpse, which has fallen by chance into a house that is not its own and that must finally be taken to the house of its brother-in-law on rue de Belleville, whence it will depart for the cemetery. But it is not the character of the material that prevents M. Dabit from being humorous. Other writers have been able to treat a funereal subject lightly. It is M. Dabit's temperament that gives him a rather sad, dry kind of gravity. What makes his book interesting is that he is the complete novelist; his characters are well conceived, he distinguishes between them in spite of their banality, and each one has its own quality—its maximum of character—in a life in which characters play no great rôle. For M. Dabit knows how to bring out the few little differences that exist between them.

What distinguishes a novel by Eugène Dabit from a naturalist novel is that the latter still has a certain romanticism, or, if you like, a mystical or sentimental view of the world. The naturalist novels are written by poets who have obscurely sought for the laws of the elements, as Zola did, or who suffer so much from the miseries of daily life that their description of it is a kind of revenge. They yield to indignation rather than observation. Maupassant and Léon Hennique finally became fantastic, Huysmans mystical, Mirbeau comical. Others have renounced depicting such a frightful world, which they felt as they grew older was not so black as they had thought. The general theme of the naturalist novel was one of grandiose pomp. It described the progressive but implacable decline of a Madame Bovary. But modern populism has nothing of this sort. Its ideal is virtually an ideal of pure reporting, scarcely novelized at all. No philosophy, no mythology are possible. It is simply a series of minute cold analyses without any tendency. Yet this does not prevent many novelists of this school, such as M. Dabit, from writing

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interesting and curious books with a savor of their own.

But what will their future be and where are they going? They will certainly not continue this minute photography, which seems to me a very ephemeral position. Some day the best of them will want to describe something more. Where will they go to find it? I add that it is especially curious to see side by side writers who lack the power to transpose and others who make use of the same brutal and precise realism only to introduce a central element of poetry, an atmosphere of dream and magic, which to people with some imagination naturally disengages itself from the spectacle of reality.

LA FONDRIÈRE. *By Henry K. Marks. Paris: Grasset. 1934.*

(Jacques de Lacretelle in the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris)

THE great conquest of the modern novel is physiology, which for more than a century has determined the rise of the *genre romanesque*. The analysis of feeling, the novel of manners, the adventure story—all these are perfectly exemplified by Mme. de Lafayette, l'Abbé Prévost, and Fielding. Why does the break appear so definitely in the nineteenth century with Stendhal and Balzac? Realism affords no explanation unless we take it to mean physiological observation and an almost clinical study of human nature. It is this new outlook that has shown fictional characters in their true dimensions. Instead of an anecdote, we are given a biography.

The imaginative writer has had his task assigned to him by the bolder views of the great moralists and their discoveries. The study of man has become a science in itself, a science based on experiment. In this respect, Rousseau gave a tremendous impetus to the study of morals. How many novels have his *Confessions* as their ancestor? This unique work showed that each human being is like a medical case and that life develops in stages, like a disease. And the novelist, the creator of characters, realized that he had to look below the surface, isolate the germs, and see to what extent they are helped or hindered by chance and the laws of society.

This fact should encourage the novelist who has not too lowly an idea of his profession and make him see that his work goes hand in hand with all the things that increase our understanding of man. Perhaps we make only marionettes, but these marionettes illustrate the great problems that are taking hold of contemporary minds. The *Princesse de Clèves* accompanies the moralists of the seventeenth century; Balzac, Flaubert, and Zola add the driving force of physiology to their period.

If the reader has really understood the foregoing paragraphs, he will know what I mean by the word physiology. It is a sort of magma in which we find heredity, inborn tendencies, influences of early childhood, obscure inroads of sensuality—in short, all the secret forms that weigh heavily on our free will. It is the *fatum* of ancient times, the great law that dominates human action without overt control. And it may be truly said that the essential element in ancient tragedy has of necessity reappeared in the tragedies of our own times.

To recognize this fate and to give a true diagnosis of a human destiny should be the task of the novelist—

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his impassioned mission, I might say. This research, these plunges that go to the very depths of the human abyss, made me want to write novels. And I plumbed them all—the depths of heredity, of first impressions,—which are so tenacious yet so soon forgotten, —of sensuality, which is always misunderstood and almost always explicable.

Nothing should be neglected in such an exploration—neither the small nor the shapeless. We must go as far as possible and attack the strangest peculiarities without fear. Critics have often quoted the sentence that I wrote some ten years ago in *La Bonifas:* 'The psychologist who scorns the soul of children is comparable to the doctor who studies his patients without giving thought to their background. And the novelist who wants to paint a character without taking him in the egg seems to have omitted the basic task.' No one would argue with me on this point to-day. Whether it is to be accomplished in ten lines or in ten chapters depends on the problem at hand. Another thing is equally certain: as M. Léon Daudet has said, there is no such thing as a forbidden subject. All these remarks on the contemporary novel—its demands and its liberties—came to my mind when I read a novel by Henry Marks, which was translated into French under the title of the *Quagmire.*

A subject has three ways of gaining access to a novelist's mind—through experience, through chance meeting, or through will power. Obviously, the last method inspired the author of the *Quagmire.* He must have said to himself: 'There must exist in the world a man who suffered from mother love to the point of being suffocated by it. I shall show to what extent his strength and his weakness were dependent on this love. I shall decompose all his acts with this prism. This man will have been so deeply hurt that he will never recover. His eyes will have difficulty in looking outside this region of love.' It takes a great deal of assurance to speak this way; it takes perfect honesty to write such a book.

And let no one tell me that the subject has been well covered because Mauriac and Lawrence have already written about it. The harsh *Genitrix* is a character who is equally dominated by the love of power, by avarice, and by jealousy. It is a violent domestic tragedy rather than a sentimental drama. There is no hint of sensuality. And if *Sons and Lovers* —one of the most beautiful books I have ever read—expresses feelings that go beyond the mutual tenderness of mother and son, there is nothing here that one would blush to experience one's self. The reader of the *Quagmire,* on the other hand, is plunged from beginning to end in a physiological magma. He is oppressed by a feeling that is never openly admitted and that can never be explained because it defies all the laws of reason. The word incest is inappropriate, for it suggests a desire, a logical inclination. This is the story of a biological attachment—or, rather, of an impossible separation.

It's monstrous, you will say, it's false and absurd. I wish that each one of us were enabled by magic to experience again his childhood and adolescence relation to his mother—ceasing for a while to be a grown man but retaining, none the less, the understanding that comes with years. How

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many of us would have to recognize a real love drama there? Madness, remorse, anguish—we felt them all, and to admit it we need only think back with the frankness that conquers fear of ridicule. But age deforms us and makes us false in many ways; as soon as a man has been touched by sensual experience he relegates this first adventure to the heavenly realms.

Some have tried to return to this world of the past. I do not mean to say that the man who lingers on these childish feelings—especially his feelings toward his mother—is a genius. Far from it. It may grow into a terrible vassalage—ignorant and ignored. Even in a normal person it often lasts longer than one suspects and not without danger. It is unquestionable, however, that this bondage serves the end of artistic creation by bringing us into contact with the sensitiveness that our mother first awakened. But it is also probable that this influence will prove insufficient and may, in the end, be a hindrance, for one does not always inherit from one's mother the determination to see a thing through. What I want to say—and this is quite apart from the main question—is that all of us have experienced this passionate state, but our inadequate memories make us forget it and allow the impression it made to become dull.

Shall I call up one of these visions? Yes, for have I not been preaching frankness and courage in the face of mockery? I shall never forget the day when I first realized that I no longer needed to kiss my mother every day. I was thirteen, and all life with its future seemed an abyss of desolation. The strange thing was that I did not want to return to the past, but, looking ahead, I was discovering the futility of our feelings and the emptiness of our actions. I was sure that there would always be some part of me where the flesh would not heal.

The character of the *Quagmire* is one of those whose flesh does not heal. Loved by his mother with an affection that is all-consuming and to which he responds, he will always belong to her. It is a genuine liaison between them: light and capricious at first, then jealous and tyrannical, finally dark and full of hatred.

The bond between them recalls the sensual tie that prevents two people from separating, though they may hate one another. When one sees this mother over fifty years old, embittered by widowhood and sickness, and this healthy-looking young man, who cannot get married and breaks off all his sentimental pursuits on her account, the sad word of *collage* comes to one's mind. And is not that a terrible scene in which we see this old woman, on the threshold of death, gathering her last strength because she suspects her son of some new intrigue? He must miss his rendezvous. She dresses quickly, makes herself attractive, demands that he take her for a walk, and in the street, clinging to his arm, refusing to ride in spite of her fatigue, she detains him till the time of the rendezvous is long past.

Such feelings are exaggerated and impossible, you will say. Perhaps. But, I repeat, the *Quagmire* is a case history, a case that the author studied with terrible application and conscientiousness. Without ever slipping into the obscene, he has carried his story to its logical end. This mother and son are unquestionably patients for a psychiatrist. But he who describes

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them is a sincere man and a skillful novelist. And, if he scorns literary commentaries, as an artist he knows the poetry that lies buried in the depths of men but does not strike the eye.

STAVISKY, L'HOMME QUE J'AI CONNU. *By Joseph Kessel. Paris: Gallimard. 1934.*

(Johann Breitner in the *Prager Tagblait*, Prague)

A GREAT many curses and still more blood are associated with his terrible name; yet Stavisky himself was not an outstanding personality. It is significant that almost all the big financial swindlers of our time look like petty sneak thieves on close acquaintance and become great only because of the rottenness of the society into which they break. Unlike the great bandits of the Middle Ages, no one of them despised or struggled against society but simply used it as an object for exploitation. That Stavisky was such a man has now been shown for the first time in the memoirs recounted by Joseph Kessel under the title *Stavisky, the Man I Knew*. Since the death of Albert Londres, Kessel has rivaled the fame of his predecessor and has spent years digging up sensations all over the world. He happened to know a little about the Stavisky affair, and naturally he wrote it up as a piece of reporting, in which, incidentally, he clears his own reputation. He was not on intimate terms with Stavisky and met him only at bars and at the theatre, but his sharp journalistic eye detected more than many of Stavisky's biographies will ever be able to tell us.

Stavisky had declared war on Kessel: he wanted to buy him up. Imagine being a journalist who is suddenly offered 18 million francs over the telephone to establish a newspaper. The man who made this offer then disappeared but turned up again three months later and repeated it one morning after breakfast. Furthermore, Stavisky's representative offered to publish all this journalist's future writings in popular editions. Since the journalist regarded the whole affair as a joke, he promptly drowned it in his mind with a glass of good French wine.

Kessel liked Stavisky. The pale little elegant cavalier with bright eyes and shining teeth, who played with millions as if they were hundred-franc notes, seemed to him one of the favored children of God. To-day, thinking it over, Kessel makes fun of him with alert irony, but one can see his mouth opening in amazement when Stavisky told him he had to hurry over to the next street to buy a villa with a park, which was being offered for sale cheap—at a mere two million francs in cash.

Association with the rich unquestionably undermines character. We know what desires awaken in a simple bourgeois who has lived in an atmosphere of hotels, liveried servants, silk shirts, and luggage covered with labels from all over the world. And what a wife Stavisky had! She was an angel, always self-controlled, never making a display of her wealth, always keeping an eye on the great adventurer when he drank too much.

'I married her in prison.' Kessel was amazed when Stavisky told him this one evening in the famous Paris restaurant, Chez Korniloff. Korniloff was the imperial chef for the late Tsar; a great many foreigners and all

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the social climbers make a point of going to his establishment. On that particular evening Stavisky betrayed himself. No one knew that he was a Russian, but when he saw native dishes piled high before him he began to suffer from homesickness, *mal du pays*. After eating so much herring, so many gherkins, sardines, turnips, and salmon and after drinking so much sour milk, the usually prudent and silent man began on vodka and suddenly revealed himself. 'Yes, I have been in prison,' and a stream of curses and coarse language began to flow from the carefully sealed mouth of the elegant financial aristocrat. Suddenly, everything vanished from Kessel's eyes—the luxury, the perfume, and the elegance that surrounded Stavisky. The broken man finally exclaimed, 'Does n't it embarrass you to be dining with a jail bird?'

The time came when Stavisky took over a theatre. He needed it because being a theatrical producer increased his popularity. He was now able to serve as patron to more people, to do indirect favors to those who brought their untalented little girl friends to look for a job. Whereas other producers engaged twenty girls for a scene, he engaged a hundred. It was a typical parvenu theatre and made no money.

One day Stavisky departed, and everyone believed that he would return soon. Kessel went to the Claridge, where Stavisky had lived and where the staff honored him as only an extravagant guest can be honored. But the staff had watched their guest with sharper eyes than the trained detectives had. The elevator boy whispered to Kessel that M. Stavisky would not return. He had heard it from the house servant, the house servant from the porter, the porter from the chambermaid, and the chambermaid had seen him putting the pictures of his children, which he usually left behind, into his week-end trunk. The day before it had been said that Stavisky was going to buy the Claridge and make it the most fashionable hotel in the world, but that day the staff smiled mysteriously when his name was mentioned.

Kessel then went to Montmartre to see his friend Guy, an old Chicago prize fighter who had been in every prison in the world. Guy knew Stavisky, too. 'There was a fine fellow,' he said. 'He took people's money away from them, and yet they liked him for doing it.' And Guy also knew that Stavisky was certain to commit suicide. 'You have to know the kind of man he is. Suicide is his kind of courage. He is not made the way I am, he can't take it.' And Guy was right. Stavisky killed himself, but his spirit still exists. On the sixth of February it was his dying smile that set Frenchman against Frenchman on the Place de la Concorde. The fire of many guns echoed the shot of his own revolver.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Russian Romanticism

RUSSIAN romanticism has received the sanction of the powers that be, and Maxim Gorki has gone so far as to say that 'revolutionary romanticism is synonymous with social realism.' Nikolai Tikhonov has just published a book full of exoticism and wild adventure, doubly romantic because of its strange title—*Oath Pronounced in the Fog*. And fairy tales are coming back under the more fitting title of 'folk tales,' strictly censored, to be sure, their revolutionary romanticism carefully tested.

Naturally, the new Soviet stories are 'art for Marx' sake' and are intended to 'stir up class war in the nurseries and kindergartens.' They propagandize Communism in much the same way that the traditional folk tale propagandized feudalism; Lenin and his men are a fitting parallel to King Arthur and his gallant knights. Although it has been our custom to associate the romantic with stories that begin 'long, long ago,' we forget that stories about King Arthur were told during his lifetime, and in so far as the Russians are taking their heroes from the living present they are recapturing the Occidental tradition in its earliest and purest form. We quote the following account of the second official fairy tale from the *Daily Telegraph*:—

'There was once upon a time a blacksmith called Vladimir Ilitch Lenin. He made axes and went secretly by night among the peasants and told them, "Here are axes—go and split the skulls of the Tsar's Guard with them." And they did so.

'But Lenin and all his party got caught and were sent, chained two by two, wrist to wrist, and ankle to ankle, to a "cold island"—a barren Arctic rock where only birds live. The Tsar's Guards, being very wicked and cruel, fired off artillery for a week on end to scare away all birds and frighten the Bolshevist party. When the firing stopped and the birds began to return, Lenin went walking along the shore at dawn and made friends with a black sea swan. He told that bird it was positively wasting its life. The swan thereupon offered to take Lenin and one friend riding on its back to Russia "to make more axes to split open more skulls of the Tsar's Guard."

'Lenin at once chose a strong-armed, bright-eyed, level-headed, and brave comrade—one Stalin. Well, next morning they climbed on to the back of that swan with a parcel of food, and the swan, stretching its great black wings, flew strongly south. But after a time their food gave out, and Lenin and Stalin—and also the swan—became thinner and thinner. The poor swan, still flying gallantly, blinked its poor bloodshot eye at Stalin and said, "Comrade, if I don't get something to eat soon, this wind will bring me down. Have you by any chance got an old bone left?"

'"How foolish of you not to mention that before and of me to forget. I have two old bones left in my bag," said Stalin, who then produced his pocket-knife, bit his lip, and neatly cut off two fingers from his left hand—the two biggest fingers—and gave them to the swan. And the black swan, feeling better, flew straight on toward the world revolution.'

Though the *Daily Telegraph* considers this story 'well done,' it remarks that 'it must be a thankless task, writing folk tales about politicians.'

A Dominican Communist

NOW that the present existence of the Soviet Union no longer demands such constant vigilance, the leading critics of

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life and letters are casting their eyes to the past in search of Communist beginnings. Sir Thomas More is a welcome guest in Soviet Russia, and the Dominican monk, Tommaso Campanella, is hailed as one of the first Communists by A. Djivelegov, writing in the *Izvestia*:—

'Campanella's *City of the Sun* is one of the earliest social Utopias. It was written at a time when the feudal reaction had spread to nearly all of Italy and had destroyed the flourishing industry and commerce that had given birth to the culture of the Italian Renaissance. The *City of the Sun* is a Utopia with strong Communistic traits. Its success can be explained by the sympathetic response it provoked among those classes of Italian society that had suffered most from the feudal reaction—the petty artisans and workers, who had always been able to find work at the time when Italy flourished but who were being reduced to pauperism by the reaction that set in.

'Campanella's book, the first Italian version of which was written in 1603, was revised and translated into Latin in 1613 and finally published in 1623. Naturally, it was not accessible to the masses, but the ideas that it contained were spread far and wide by the teachings and propaganda of the insurgent monks, who traveled over Italy in large numbers. The bourgeoisie, who also suffered from the "rationalization" of the feudal reaction, read the *City of the Sun* and soothed their rebellious instincts with Campanella's fantasies.

'The *City of the Sun* should interest the Soviet reader as one of the earliest products of Utopian Communism. The translation of F. A. Petrovski, remarkable for its care and accuracy, may be considered not only the first translation into Russian but into any European tongue. Former translators were unable to deal with Campanella's capricious style and calmly omitted long passages if they were at all difficult to render. F. A. Petrovski has translated the entire book, which is further enriched by an introduction by the academician, V. P. Volgin—"Campanella, a Communist." Mr. Volgin clearly points out the place that the teachings of the Dominican monk occupy in the history of Communist ideas.'

The Soviet Melting Pot

THE Soviet Union has opened its doors to writers and artists of all countries and all times, and for the past year foreign plays have been competing with Russian works. But competing is not the word, for the Soviet approach to foreign literature is a complete denial of cultural nationalism. Balzac's *Comédie humaine* and Stendhal's *Le Rouge et le noir* have been translated and adapted to the Soviet stage, and lengthy critiques have appeared in the press on Stendhal's style and Balzac's importance in world literature. Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* enjoys greater renown in the Soviet Union than in the country in which it was born, and we have already referred to Shakespeare's remarkable box-office success in connection with the metamorphosis of *Twelfth Night*. A new play, moreover, has been added to the Russian-Shakespeare repertoire—one that is not often seen in this country except when given by the Stratford Players—*Richard III*, in a new translation, which attempts to follow the original text as closely as the differences in the two languages permit.

Among the moderns John Dos Passos's *Fortune Heights*, a satirical play of the American Middle West during the depression, is enthusiastically greeted in the *Literaturnaia Gazeta*, along with Ambassador William Bullitt's *It's Not Done*, which appeared in this country in 1926 and has just been translated into Russian. And these are but a few of the many foreign authors, both living and dead, who are finding an audience in the Soviet Union.

It is needless to dwell on the 'adaptation' that naturally takes place, the shift of emphasis to bring out the special

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traits in each bourgeois author that are particularly important from the Communist point of view. This effort is made much easier by the steady collaboration of the authors in question, for it is a curious fact that no man of talent in a capitalist country has failed to criticize the régime under which he lived.

The wonderful reception that Russia gives to foreign art seemed almost too good to be true, and we scanned the papers anxiously for some trace of nationalistic pride, some hint that it might be well to have more plays by Soviet writers and fewer 'adaptations.' We recalled the vituperation in the French press five or six years ago when American and English plays appeared in indecently large numbers and the French could n't find enough mud in the streets of Paris to sling at the intruders. But the Russians have tested their powers of assimilation and found them not wanting. Like the proverbial goat who grew fat on tin cans, the Soviet public can digest the toughest bourgeois diet.

Two Films of the Sea

TWO new films dealing with the lives of fishermen have appeared recently,—one in France and the other in England,—and we note with malicious glee that the French have it all over on the English this time for sentimentality. Of course, we should not be too surprised, for have not the Paris papers referred to *Little Women* as a wonderful 'picture of American life'? We dare say that *Pêcheur d'Islande* does for the Breton sailors what Louisa M. Alcott's masterpiece does for this country. Quoting from the *New Statesman and Nation*:—

'*Pêcheur d'Islande*, the new French film, could avoid the exaggeration and insincerity of the novel only by shamelessly neglecting it and concentrating on a series of seascapes, handsome sailors worthy of Frère Yves, etc., etc. But the director follows the original too faithfully; though we have good shots of rigging, marine *bistros*, processions in honor of the Virgin Mary; and Yvette Guilbert adds distinction to the rôle of a *gaga* old grandmother. The heroine wore rather a tense expression suggestive of feeling her engagement to have been a mistake from the beginning, and the harbor bar moaned a sight too much. I came to the film feeling that Pierre Loti, shocking writer as he is, was, perhaps, the man for a scenario. But I came away with the impression that he was not even that but merely a shocking writer. For the director had been as reverential as he could be to his author and never became vulgar for an instant. One alteration should be made. In order to brighten up the screen for a minute we are shown the wedding of Yann, whereas, if I remember the book aright, the whole point is that he could never get married as he was already affianced to the sea. Which was just like Pierre Loti. I suspect this of being another film that would have profited from the thick-skinnedness of Hollywood.'

Mr. Flaherty's wonderful film of Aran and its fishermen is another example of the poetic realism that has characterized Irish literature from the earliest folk legends to the work of men like Synge and Yeats. Stephen Gwynn reviews the film in the *Observer*:—

'What puzzled my Scotch friends who saw this film was the make of the rock, with its huge flat spaces. The reason is that Aran and the Clare coast opposite are of limestone instead of the granite formations that give the high-peaked hills. Limestone rock splits, but it does not crumble, so on Aran you will find yourself walking on slabs like street pavement; but each is as big as a room, and you jump from one to the next. Only, in the crevices between, dainty greenery shoots up—maidenhair fern and the like. Whatever herbage grows on Aran is succulent and nourishing. That is why it is worthwhile in times between fishing to flatten out a space of rock with sledge and pick, making a level bed on which to pile seaweed and

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whatever soil can be scraped from the deep fissures, for the powdered lime will penetrate, and what grows will grow well, if stone walls are built up about it to fence off the tremendous wind. There is no turf on Aran. Hookers bring it across from the Connemara shore (often with jars of poteen hidden in the turf) and go back with limestone to burn for their poverty-stricken soil.

'But, of course, the land—or rock, rather—is only a foothold for the Aran people. What they live by is the sea, and a terrible element it is. Synge's masterpiece tells the part it plays in the life and death of these islanders. That brief tragedy is the best comment on Mr. Flaherty's film, as the film is an inconceivably good illustration of *Riders to the Sea*. At Aran, there is no talk of bathing; traditionally the islanders, constantly out in their canoes (curraghs we call them in Donegal), never learn to swim. If a boat should upset, swimming could only prolong agony. Fish and fishing is what they live by: in every house, I suppose, there is a barrel into which fish are thrown with salt over them. But famines in Aran used to be frequent till some forty years ago the Congested Districts Board took matters in hand; a steamer service from Galway was established so that fish could be marketed, but, above all, boats and gear were provided of a very different kind.

'The first result was that men who had been used all their lives to do without thinking twice the sort of thing that Michael King is seen doing in his curragh lay down and wept in terror when they were taken out of sight of land in a strongly built lugger. But at the end of ten years or so Aran was sending out instructors to teach the fishermen in other primitive places how to use the new boats and gear. There was a period of prosperity. Unhappily, just about the turn of the century, steam came into this industry also—the last to be affected by it. Capital was needed, and, though the Aran men got motor boats, all smaller craft now make a poor living for their owners, and I fear there can be little prosperity left in Aran.

'Some people think that Mr. Flaherty has preserved the last remnants of a disappearing way of life. I do not. The motor boats, the nobbies, and Zulus may be laid up to rot, but the pookawns and curraghs will be used while there are folk in Aran. The pookawn is the sailing boat, with its sides curved like a porpoise's (probably built in the Claddagh of Galway), in which Michael and his comrades are seen grappling with the barking sharks. The curragh is even more typical and, no doubt, island built. Not everybody has the skill to make the wooden frame, but every fisherman can set the hooped willow rods (they must bring these from the mainland) on which the calico is stretched. Then, with a coat or two of tar, this boat, which a man can carry on his shoulders, is ready to go crawling up and down the big swell like a water spider, three or four strokes as you mount, three of four more as you go down into the deep valley of water.'

Flaubert in Love

THE Flaubert Club has been having a wonderful time publicizing its hero. Though its members are working away at a complete bibliography of Flaubert, a monumental task, they are also being sidetracked into an investigation of the author's love life, and a special department has been created for the more efficient perusal of Flaubert's love letters under the able direction of M. Gérard Gailly. M. Gailly's appointment insures us against any halfway revelations, for has not this worthy gentleman already published two volumes on Flaubert and Mme Schlesinger? Albert Thibaudet dutifully reports the activities of the Flaubert Club as follows in the *Journal de Genève:*—

'Flaubert's most famous love affair was with Louise Colet, to whom Mlle de Mestral-Combremont has already devoted a book. M. Gérard Gailly, however, sheds

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new light on the writer's first love in a book bearing the rather unfortunate title of the *Véhémences de Louise Colet*, which contains new material from the Archives Nationales. Louise Colet was an untiring seeker of pensions and rewards, a trait that explains the unusually large file reserved in her name at the Ministry of Education and later transferred to the archives. M. Gailly had no trouble in having the file opened for him.

'But the financial aspect of these documents would not interest us if the whole thing were not tied up with the writers and the literature of the time—as was Louise Colet herself. She was one of the most beautiful women in Paris, and she always mixed love, money, and literature together—except on one occasion. She loved only writers, and from among writers she chose only those who could serve her. If Cousin was her official lover, she showered her favors on at least a half-dozen academicians, among them Hugo, Musset, and Vigny; her kindness repaid the Academy for the poetry prize that it thrice awarded her. The only new name that M. Gailly's book adds to the list is that of Champfleury, who caused the poetess the most unpleasant of her many experiences.

'Louise Colet loved only illustrious and influential writers, and her love was not disinterested. But we mentioned an exception—Flaubert. When they met at Pradier's and fell madly in love, Flaubert was twenty-five years old and had not published a single line. It was the only time when neither literature nor men of letters entered into the love life of this literary lady, and the irony of fate decreed that she who had written so much should thereby enter into literary immortality.

'It is rather curious that no one slandered Louise Colet as viciously as Flaubert's friend in life—Du Camp—and his friends after death—the members of the Flaubert Club. M. Gérard Gailly maintains this tradition. He paints her as an odious creature, made to torment mankind in general and Flaubert in particular, the feminine equivalent of the steel spikes that make the alpinist stick to the ice. One recalls the epitaph that Maxime Du Camp wrote in her honor: "Here lies she who compromised Victor Cousin, ridiculed Alfred de Musset, shamed Gustave Flaubert, and tried to murder Alphonse Karr."

'We must admit, however, that all these gentlemen entered into the game, that Cousin got what he deserved, Alphonse Karr much less than he deserved, and that even if Louise Colet did write a *Lui* about Musset, it was after the poet's death, when love novels with pronouns for titles were all the rage. But she was the only woman who really loved Flaubert and who loved him long. This love, which Flaubert kept distant and reduced to occasional meetings separated by long intervals, in no way harmed his genius. Far from it.

'It has given us the *Correspondance*, which has only recently been published in its entirety. This correspondence can make us forgive Louise Colet many sins and is all the more deserving of preservation because its most wonderfully literary and Flaubertian part has been outrageously destroyed. The only work that could have immortalized a woman who wrote over a hundred books, Louise Colet's three hundred letters to Flaubert, which he had kept, were burned by his niece after his death because they contained "horrors." The niece was very sorry when she discovered how much they were worth. But it was unfortunately too late. Flaubert's family—more guilty than his mistress—reduced the *Correspondance* to a monologue.'

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Brailsford on Roosevelt

A FEW months back we suggested in an editorial article that Roosevelt might go the way of Wilson and launch the United States on another humanitarian crusade before he left the White House. And now comes an article in the *New Statesman and Nation* in which H. N. Brailsford, regular contributor to the Labor press of Great Britain, discovers in the President's new book, *On Our Way*, the same moral fervor of the Wilson era:—

One grasps, as one reads on, the secret of Mr. Roosevelt's confidence. There is in him none of the megalomania of the romantic leader, nor any trace of egoism. His assurance rests on an unshaken faith in a divinely ordered universe, in the American Constitution, the traditions and the character of his people. He is a devout Christian, and he has never questioned the fundamentals of the capitalist system. He can write of the American Constitution that it has 'proved itself the most superbly enduring political mechanism the modern world has ever seen' because it is 'so simple.' He appeals, almost in the spirit of Mr. Hoover's eulogy of 'rugged individualism,' for charity for the unemployed. These voluntary 'welfare services' are 'essential to the whole American scheme of life.'

What, then, is amiss? For Mr. Roosevelt knows, better than most, how profound is the chaos into which he aspires to bring order. His diagnosis is of an almost incredible simplicity. What is amiss is the greed and wickedness of comparatively few persons. He denounces the 'callous and selfish wrongdoing' of profiteers and stockbrokers. He says plainly that some bankers have been 'dishonest.' He explains, in the spirit of the Victorian advocates of Factory Acts, that there are 'a few selfish men in each competitive group' who frustrate the good intentions of the rest by cutting prices and sweating labor. He is so far precise as to describe them as 'the unfair ten per cent.' Looking abroad and perceiving that the Disarmament Conference is in difficulty, he tells us that 90 per cent of humanity is ready to disarm, but 'the other ten per cent . . . seeks territorial expansion.' The ninety, he tells us, must 'persuade' the ten to adopt 'conduct based on good ethics.' He does his share and will even preach to Chambers of Commerce that they should concern themselves with 'the welfare of the whole' and 'lay aside selfish interests.' 'Private office,' he declares, 'is a public trust.' Such phrases occur not once but on nearly every page. The whole outlook of the man is ethical, and in this he is as consistent as he is manifestly sincere. He talks instinctively in the language of morals. When he approaches currency he wants an 'honest' dollar; when he turns to diplomacy he prescribes the foreign policy of 'the good neighbor.'

He is so far our contemporary that he realizes that the natural good will of ninety captains of industry in every hundred is not enough to ensure an observance of 'ethical standards in business.' Hence the codes. He has dropped laisser faire to the extent that he will call government in to help the ninety discipline the ten. But he insists that this does not mean 'control' by government over industry. At most there is to be a 'partnership' between government and business, not in profits but in 'planning.' Elsewhere he defines his ideal as 'democratic self-discipline in industry.'

One had read some of these phrases before. One had guessed that tact inspired

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them: this clever politician knew the vocabulary of the Rotary Clubs. But surely he meant something more than this by 'planning'—at least as much as the Liberal Yellow Book meant. Not a whit more. Read him, as it were in the round, and the patent weakness of N. R. A., which one took for a first defective essay certain to be stiffened up, answers only too plainly to the naïveté of its author's thinking. Business is controlling itself, and what it has done is, broadly, to form a vast series of price rings, which have raised prices rather faster than wages. One was mistaken if one took this man for a fighter. He is a moralist who cannot think in terms of social dynamics. He has changed nothing in the balance of forces that govern industry, and consequently its product will be divided as before. One may condense in figures, as the University of Chicago has done, the results that demonstrate the failure of this childlike ethical revolution. Average weekly wages have risen in this first year from $19 to $19.30. But, since the cost of living rose by 7 per cent in nine months, the purchasing power of the average worker has actually declined. Farmers' incomes, measured against a pre-war 100, have indeed risen from 49 to 59, but commodity prices also continue to rise. A year's effort has 'modified but slightly the distorted income structure of 1932'—which is an academic way of saying that big business still exploits the worker and the farmer.

China, America, and Silver

ONE of the most popular arguments advanced in Washington in behalf of the remonetization of silver is that it would raise the buying power of those Oriental countries—notably China—that have silver currencies exclusively. But to judge from a leading editorial, entitled 'America's Silver Policy,' in the Nationalist *China Critic* of Shanghai the Chinese fear a sudden rise in the price of silver such as would inevitably occur if the United States heeds the advice of the 'silver bloc' and goes in for a modernized form of Bryanism:—

> The immediate effect of a sudden rise in silver prices is bound to be manifested in the increase of imports into China, and the unfavorable balance of trade that is threatening to hasten the state of national bankruptcy may become worse still. The introduction of cheapened American products may conceivably create a new competitive race with Japanese and British manufacturers. Dumping tactics even more unsavory than at present will inevitably be resorted to, and the actual gain to America may be negligible indeed.
>
> In order to counteract the consequences of any possible increase in the value of imports, China will have either to stimulate her exports or to acquiesce in the outflow of silver. The prospect of developing export trade in the midst of foreign aggression, domestic turmoil, and political instability is hardly encouraging. Furthermore, with the depreciation of her currency America may be compelled to reduce the volume of Chinese imports. This, coupled with the general world depression and Russia's move to dispense with Chinese tea by native cultivation, may reduce considerably the little export trade that China has barely succeeded in maintaining.
>
> The only inevitable alternative, if imports continue to increase without a proportionate increase in exports, would be the actual shipment of silver from China. Among other consequences may be mentioned the possibility that China may be forced off silver. The peril to the present currency, as expressed in bank-note issues, is quite patent. If the purchasing power of the Chinese should be thus adversely affected, there can be little hope for preserving the present scale of foreign trade but a great likelihood that it would sustain material diminishment in imports,

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in which America appears so anxious to participate more and more.

The greatest objection against any possible appreciation of silver value lies not in the tell-tale imports and exports but in the instability of Chinese currency itself. When the gold currency was at its most favorable point of exchange, the immediate reaction evidenced on the Chinese market was detrimental to the development of foreign trade. The passage of time has assisted in the process of adjustment, and the country has reached a stage where it is able to carry on trade and commerce satisfactorily in spite of the phenomenal disparity between Chinese and gold currencies. The sudden enhancement of silver will once again disturb the financial equilibrium that has been consummated at no small cost to the Chinese. This is why Mr. T. V. Soong, while abroad, emphasized the importance of stabilizing the Chinese dollar, rather than a sudden return to its former status. This is also why the Chinese Government has been well disposed toward the silver agreement designed to achieve this very object. America's latest proposal will not only defeat this laudable purpose but may cause even greater confusion in the financial world. It is hoped that wise counsel will prevail upon President Roosevelt and prevent him from embarking upon a radical policy that is bound to prove ruinous to international commerce.

Astrologists on America

TWO French astrologists, M. Privat and C. Kernéïz, have aroused the curiosity of the readers of *Vu* because at the outset of the year they foretold the death of King Albert of Belgium and serious illness for the King of England. They have now turned their attention to the United States and have read from the stars the most alarming news that has appeared anywhere. Here is what they say:—

An eclipse of the sun on February 14, 1934, foreshadows such a menace as has rarely threatened not only a nation but all humanity. A troubled period is beginning. It will last three years, and the culminating point of the revolution will be reached in 1937. For three more years a new order will be elaborated, and the world will undergo such radical transformations that it will hardly resemble the world we are familiar with. In the United States we must anticipate political events of the highest importance, involving a total transformation of the interior situation by upheavals that will possess a catastrophic character. We must insist on the dictatorial, egotistic, eminently revolutionary activity of the leader of the United States. Persuaded that he cannot be wrong, he will shatter every obstacle at any price. He will refuse to surrender any of his power. And his supporters themselves will not understand his actions, which will seem utterly incoherent. The President will be menaced by assassinations, which, however, he will escape.

Decidedly, the United States will not escape its destiny. The year 1934 will be full of trials, but it is bringing forth a new order that we hope will be more harmonious. During the War, when a regiment moved to another sector, the poilus always complained. Accustomed to their suffering, they feared the unfamiliar. For man has both a desire for change and a fear of it. That which awaits us is undoubtedly better, but in what condition shall we be when we see the promised dawn break? There is no use expressing any regrets, though in former times the leaders of the people understood the art of escaping the menaces written in the heavens. Indeed, the aim of astrology is to contradict what is in the stars. Unfortunately we are only at the beginning of a period of constructive science of the stars, based on past knowledge and subjected to the laws of observation and statistics. Our next step will be to discover methods to stave off the events dictated by the

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stars. For the moment we must submit to our fate, and only wise measures will contradict the verdict of infinite space. When the demonstrative value of astrology is sufficiently confirmed to the eyes of the most incredulous, we shall be able to see further ahead.

A French Cartoonist on Mickey Mouse

CARLO RIM, one of the most popular cartoonists in France, has written a brief article in *Marianne* describing how Mickey Mouse found an audience capable of understanding him in the sophisticated city of Paris:—

Good old Mickey has just been knighted: he has made the children laugh. This magnificent hero whom the grown-ups nearly crushed with scholarly comment felt the danger, but the children saved his life. To-morrow he will solemnly enter the pantheon of Punchinello, Puss-in-Boots, and Cinderella. He will be enthusiastically received and will thereby become immortal. Mickey Mouse's ingenuous surrealism has conquered the children, and I know many a parent whose astonishment has not yet died down. And yet it is not the first time that we see heroes for grown-ups finding their salvation in the love of the children. Gulliver and Robinson Crusoe bear witness.

Two or three moving-picture houses are already specializing in children's pictures. On Thursdays and Sundays it's like the tower of Babel. The parents are not in the lead, let me tell you, they hardly dare to laugh. In the happy darkness bird voices call to one another. The most unexpected comments fly from one end of the hall to the other, and in this fantastic Esperanto, which seems to renovate all the old words, everyone wants to give Mickey, the conqueror of Punch and Judy, all full measure of collaboration.

The other day I slipped into the Auto moving-picture house on the boulevard des Italiens. I had an hour to kill, as we say; in reality, I gained an hour. At the box office a charming young girl said to me, 'You are alone? That's too bad. You won't get a balloon'—in much the same way as she might have said, 'Why don't you hurry up and have a child?'

When I had reached my seat, I closed my eyes and listened, and here are the strange words and cries of joy, surprise, and anguish that my delighted ears heard:—

'Say, mother, why is the clock mean to the plate?'

'Look out, Mickey! If you fall into the eye of the weeping moon, you'll get drowned.'

'Go on, he knows how to swim.'

'He even knows how to fly,' says a little girl who is in love with the hero.

'Look out, Mickey, the piano will bite you!'

'Why is the cow miaowing like that?'

'Say, did n't you see, she swallowed the violin!'

'Uncle Alfred, you can't tie your neck in a knot, can you?'

'Come on, tree, kick the nasty bear.' The tree obeys, and the ingenious child who suggested this act of vengeance thinks it quite natural.

The rain starts pouring down on Mickey's camp, a really Biblical rain that soon transforms the earth into a roaring ocean. Mickey rows as hard as he can, comfortably seated in a bureau drawer. Lightning slices the sky like a tart and a downpour of jam hits the unfortunate shipwreck. The drawer is full to the very top. The wind sings little tunes through the waves. The children are all quiet, a little frightened, after all, by so terrible a storm.

The little girl in love with the hero bursts into tears. Her brother, an urchin with a turned-up nose, disdainfully shrugs his shoulders and lets these words break the vast silence: 'The stupid thing! She's lost faith. . . .'

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THE SCIENCES AND SOCIETY

ARE SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES PATENTABLE? Should the research scientist claim not only credit but cash for the results of his original work? Where is the line to be drawn between a basic discovery, such as Faraday's of electromagnetism, and inventions such as the telegraph, telephone, and wireless? What should be the attitude of the medical profession toward patenting? In a word, can there be such a thing as 'scientific property?'

These are very vital questions in a world whose increasing dependence on science and its many technical ramifications is equaled only by its casual, and frequently cruel, neglect of the Cartwrights, Trevithicks, Goodyears, Archers (F. S. Archer invented the collodion process used in photography), and scores of other 'contrivers' who could do everything but make money. It is such questions that have been discussed, in considerable detail but from a narrow point of view, in a report by the Committee on Patents, Copyrights, and Trade-Marks appointed by the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Published under the title of the *Protection by Patents of Scientific Discoveries* (New York: The Science Press), this report throws considerable light on the technical, economic, and 'ethical' aspects of scientific activity under our prevailing social system—which the authors appear to regard as final, if not basically sound.

IT IS ADMITTED that 'pure science,' in the sense of research entirely isolated from the community, no longer exists. 'Recent social upheavals and economic disturbances' have contributed to 'the fact that no individual can to-day escape his social responsibility and duty.' From this it obviously follows that society has an equally definite responsibility toward those whose scientific or technical labors contribute in any way to its material security or cultural advance. The established method for expressing this responsibility is by way of patents and patent control, as well as by copyright.

Considering first the situation in the physical and chemical sciences, it is pointed out that 'practically every important advance in the chemical industries, especially in the last few decades, has been protected by patents.' Included in a long list would be such processes or products as the Hall process for extracting aluminum, Solvay's soda process, the Frasch process for the recovery of sulphur, the Bessemer steel process, Acheson's graphite and carborundum, Baekeland's 'bakelite,' Hyatt's celluloid, the extraction of insulin (Banting and Best), the Bergius coal-hydrogenation process, and the vulcanization of rubber (from which the inventor, Goodyear, benefited not at all). It is true that many of these patents are under the control of organizations or great corporations whose interest goes no further than the profit incentive. But this fact does not appear to disturb the authors of the report who, in their conclusion to Section I, state: 'We are at present living in an economic structure in which the making of legitimate profit is a fundamental assumption.' The investigator is therefore entirely justified in protecting his results by patents 'not only for any possible financial returns but also for the good of the public.'

EIGHT OBJECTIONS against the patenting of scientific discoveries are considered and an effort made to refute them:—

1. That patents in the sciences are 'unethical.' Against this we have the opinions of Dr. William J. Hale, a chemist, and Professor Yandell Henderson, a physiologist. Dr. Hale is quite emphatic: 'No true scientist doubts for a moment

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the right of a man to patent his own inventions . . . A man in this age unable to recognize at least the partial value of his discoveries is really to be pitied and actually to be classed as a moron.' Professor Henderson claims, more temperately, that 'a good invention is as proper a source of income as the authorship of a good book'—a point so fully recognized by the Soviet Union that rank-and-file claims for patent protection rose from 240 in 1924 to nearly 5,000 in 1930.

2. That patents will involve the holders in time- and energy-consuming commercial activities. To this it is replied that the actual work of developing a practical invention may be—and by many discoverers regularly is—delegated to a properly constituted body of administrative and technical men, the original investigator receiving due remuneration and being consulted only on critical points relating to improvements, etc. It is also pointed out that only about 10 per cent of all patents contain the necessary potentialities for commercial development: the remainder are either permanently valueless or must wait until the relevant technical arts have reached a higher stage.

3. That mere publication of results is sufficient to establish claim. The authority of such inventors as Bessemer, Baekeland, Elihu Thomson, and others is cited to show that scientific discoveries, even the more important ones, if merely published (usually in some technical journal or monograph) seldom reach the stage of practical development. Where such development does take place, it is usually at the hands of 'patent pirates' and canny engineers, who pluck the investigator's brain to their own profit and at the public's expense. In this instance even the patenting of abstract scientific results is desirable because of the control that is therefore established over the quality of inventions subsequently developed from it. This is particularly true of medicines.

4. That patenting leads to secrecy, with consequent mistrust, ill-feeling, and unwholesome competitive activity among scientists. But all patents issued in the United States are published and freely circulated to all who ask. The simple fact that an invention is protected eliminates the need for secrecy and even encourages a more active and free interchange of ideas among investigators who otherwise would live in constant fear of having their best work stolen.

DR. ABRAHAM FLEXNER, a sharp critic of American educational methods, puts the weight of his authority behind the fifth objection:—

That a patent policy will lead to debasement of research. Citing the familiar examples of Michael Faraday and Clerk Maxwell, Dr. Flexner attempts to drive home his point that 'the moment research is utilized as a source of profit, its spirit is debased.' If profit means individual or corporate aggrandizement at the expense of society, no one can quarrel with him; nor is his point satisfactorily refuted by giving the examples of the industrial research laboratories maintained by General Electric, Bell Telephone, and Eastman Kodak. (A full list of the inventions 'suppressed' by the great industrial combines would make sad reading.)

All of these objections are closely associated with the fundamental problem of the control of patents. On this subject the report has much to say. If, instead of permitting unrestricted private exploitation of scientific discoveries and technical processes, patent control were in the hands of non-profit research organizations or educational institutions, society at large would be the gainer, and the inventions could be made to pay the costs of further development, the actual inventor being, of course, guaranteed permanent security. In support of this, Professor Brailsford Robertson gives the examples of certain foundations built up and operated through important patent controls: the Solvay Institute in Brussels functions on the wealth produced by the Solvay

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ammonia-soda process; in Frankfurt the Institute of Experimental Therapy has made important contributions to medical science on funds provided by the control of Ehrlich's drug discoveries, including salvarsan; the Research Corporation in New York, originally established to administer the Cottrell electrical precipitation methods, solicits the coöperation of all inventors who wish to develop their work with profit to themselves 'as well as to the end that scientific research may be further advanced.' Many other organizations of similar character, both private and public, exist: the Rockefeller Institute, National Research Council, John McCormick Institute for Infectious Diseases, the Mayo Clinic, Bartol Research Foundation, Battelle Memorial Institute (metallurgy, fuels, and allied subjects), the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research. Officially, at least, all of these institutions take the position that the work of the scientist and inventor should be protected not only to guarantee them economic security but also in the best interests of society.

MEDICAL PATENTS have always been a storm-centre of controversy, and the term 'patent medicine' has become synonymous with everything vicious, hypocritical, and self-seeking in medical practice. A famous American bacteriologist, Dr. Hans Zinsser, has stated that 'the relief of the sick and the prevention of unnecessary sorrow by maintenance of individual and public health' forbid the proprietary control of drugs or therapeutic methods, which he assumes to be involved in patenting. 'Medical ethics' frowns upon the action of the Drs. Dick in seeking, through their admirable and publicly vindicated scarlet fever committee, to ensure the widest and most efficient use of the scarlet fever antitoxin of which they own the patents. Here again, and even more emphatically, the problem is not one of mere ownership but of control, especially with regard to many of the exceedingly powerful and complex drugs developed through the new sciences of biochemistry and endocrinology.

Professor Robertson, for example, discovered the 'growth-controlling' substance, tethelin, occurring in the anterior lobe of the pituitary body. Nothing could be more dangerous to public health than to permit the unrestricted preparation of this substance by profit-seeking individuals with little or no biochemical knowledge or medical skill. Accordingly, Dr. Robertson transferred all his patent rights in tethelin to the University of California, which controls its preparation on very liberal terms, utilizing all the profits to endow laboratories for further medical research, Dr. Robertson being assured of his full salary for the term of his life.

Further examples of similar patent control of medical discoveries are to be found in the insulin committee of the University of Toronto, the committee on pernicious anæmia of the Harvard Medical School, the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation (established in 1925 to administer the valuable anti-rachitic discoveries of Professor Steenbock), and, of course, the Rockefeller Institute, whose control of tryparsamide and many other 'biologicals' permits the maximum of essential regulation without the exaction of royalties. Another gift of biochemistry to medicine, the sexual stimulant theelin (one gram of which would produce rut in two million castrated rats), has been turned over by its discoverer, Professor E. A. Doisy, to the St. Louis University Medical School, thereby ensuring appropriate control of a drug whose abuse or misuse under the sanctions of individualist incentives could lead to the gravest consequences.

LACKING THE SOCIALIZED control of scientific discoveries and technical improvements established by the Soviet Union, being, moreover, in the grip of a depression that eloquently demonstrates the lag between our scientific accomplish-

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ments and our economic ideals, the United States follows the rest of the world in its confused dealing with the problem. A fair sample of this bewilderment is to be found in some of the conclusions reached by the authors of the report we have been discussing. Faced with problems of unparalleled urgency, requiring the utmost clarity of thought and candor in statement, if a correct solution is even to be formulated, the committee avers that:—

'In our present commercial economic system . . . and with existing laws and business practices, such an ideal [of disinterested research] is difficult to attain. . . . We must, therefore, guide ourselves in accordance with the economic situation that exists to-day and seek to attain our ideals through the existing economic machinery rather than ignore it entirely on the ground of ethical considerations alone.'

And this remarkable defeatist attitude occurs in a document every page of which testifies to the inevitable obsolescence to which 'the existing economic machinery' is doomed by science and invention. 'Scientist, spare our profits' is the cry that goes up from all the beneficiaries of an admittedly outworn social system—among whom the scientists are conspicuous by their absence. It is admitted that the claim of scientists to protection is 'very reasonable and plausible.' Nevertheless, 'a careful analysis of the whole problem . . . has led the committee to the opinion that no effort should at present be made to develop a plan for protecting scientific property.' Apparently, this analysis, like the syllogisms of the scholastics, started with an a priori premise: nothing that threatens the existing economic system must be encouraged; a full protection of scientists, technicians, and inventors will so threaten it; therefore, such protection should be disallowed. With many regrets, of course, and solemn headshakings over the plight of those whose economic tragedy is literally a consequence of their intellectual power and technical ability. 'But a study of our patent laws and court decisions indicates that the purpose of patents is to encourage the development of our industries and not solely to reward the inventors.' Since legal precedents are against the inventor and in favor of the entrepreneur there is nothing more to be said. Science and technology are requested to mark time until the present economic system has caught up with them: an excellent variant of Ralph Waldo Emerson's jest about the man who decided to postpone crossing a river until all the water had flowed by.

THAT THE PROBLEM of scientific property is world wide is sufficiently indicated by a recent leading editorial in *Nature*. In commenting upon this same report this British journal of science reminds us of the efforts made by the League of Nations, through its International Committee of Intellectual Coöperation, to work out satisfactory proposals bearing on this vital issue. A number of 'plans' were offered for the proper safeguarding of scientific work: (1) the establishment of an international bureau; (2) the creation of a fund contributed largely by manufacturers and industrialists; (3) the donation of government funds to the discoverer; and (4) the extension of an international patent system to include basic scientific discoveries.

Nothing happened. 'Western European nations weighed and pondered the issue'; France, Italy, Norway, Switzerland, Spain, and Portugal approved, but the more technically advanced Great Britain, Austria, and Germany opposed everything, while 'in the United States almost dead silence was maintained.' A clearer proof of government failure with regard to activities that are absolutely basic to social progress and human security it would be hard to find—except, possibly, in the virtually similar 'muddling through' of the first and second Disarmament Conferences.

—HAROLD WARD

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GARLANDS AT NINETY

NEWSPAPER editorials from many parts of the country have congratulated THE LIVING AGE on its ninety years of unbroken publication. Few of our readers can have seen all of them; many perhaps have not seen more than one. We therefore devote the pages that are usually given over to our Advisory Council to reproducing some of the comments that came our way on the strength of our Ninetieth Anniversary issue two months ago. The *New York Times*, for instance, has this to say about 'Living on at Ninety':—

'Through many vicissitudes THE LIVING AGE has for ninety years lived true to the essential purpose that Eliakim Littell had in its founding: that of translating and reprinting articles from the foreign press. Such has been the record of this unique periodical that one may be excused for thinking that his given name, which meant "whom God sets up," had some significance, though as a matter of fact he was named for his grandfather, a Revolutionary officer. It is said by his biographer that he was remarkable for his business acumen, his wide reading in both ancient and modern literature, his irascible temper, and a clever pen, the last of which gave forth graceful prose and verse and sprightly correspondence. But his chief service was in "bringing foreign thought to the attention of Americans during the early development of the national culture." No cultivated American home felt itself complete without at least one of the several magazines of Littell's indefatigable ventures, which began when he was barely of age and which culminated in the one publication that for decades bore his name as a patronymic.'

The editorial then quotes from one of the early articles reproduced in the May issue and concludes with these words:—

'"Plus ça change plus c'est la même chose" is written over the ninety years, but the magazine lives on without aging because it lives intensively in the present with its face toward the future.'

HERE is the complete editorial that appeared in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* on 'Ninety Years of THE LIVING AGE':—

'THE LIVING AGE, which is celebrating its ninetieth anniversary with the current issue, is unique among American magazines. During its lifetime, thousands of publications have appeared and disappeared, and no end of them have changed their policies in desperate efforts to keep alive. Yet THE LIVING AGE not only never has missed an issue, it has not once swerved from its original plan. The first issue, which Eliakim Littell brought out in Boston on May 11, 1844, consisted for the most part of articles translated and reprinted in their entirety from the foreign press. The current issue contains carefully selected articles from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the *Literaturnaia Gazeta* of Moscow, the *New Statesman and Nation* of London, the *Berliner Tageblatt*, and others.

'With the journalism of the world to choose from, the editors of THE LIVING AGE have always realized that there is no reason why a single issue should fall below a standard of excellence. Read by persons interested in what is being said and thought around the globe, it has been a major factor in developing an informed opinion on world affairs. That THE LIVING AGE should live so long, and with such success, testifies to the soundness of the idea behind it.'

THE *Dallas News* concludes a brief editorial, 'Not Acting Its Age,' as follows:—

'Like contemporaries that date back as far, or nearly as far, THE LIVING AGE has experienced transition in ownership. It is remarkable under the circumstances that

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it has preserved with fidelity the plan of the original periodical. Not without cause does it continue in volume 346 and number 4412 to carry at its masthead with modest pride, "Founded by E. Littell in 1844."'

FROM Boston, birthplace of THE LIVING AGE and its home for eighty-four years, comes this editorial in the *Evening Transcript* on 'New Covers for Old':—

'It is perhaps vain to ask why the publishers of the old stand-bys in magazines were ever persuaded to change the styles of their covers. Many who recall the original *Harper's* cover, with its cupids blowing their eternal soap bubbles atop of its garlanded columns, still mourn its passing long ago. Even the *Atlantic*, greatly daring, changes the color of its cover now and then and disturbs the ancient serenity of its format by some typographical intrusion. There used to be a time when a Transcendentalist could tell the *Atlantic* by its light brown cover as far as he could see it on a bookstall. As fashions go to-day he would be as apt to pick out *Silly Stories*.

'We are reminded of these melancholy changes by this week's celebration of the ninetieth anniversary of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. To mark the occasion the current number carries on its front cover a reproduction of the well-remembered design of the original cover of May 11, 1844. It has been enlarged to fit the present ampler page, and the cover is of an ivory tint, whereas the old Littell's was of an inconspicuous gray or brown. In its contents, however, the modern LIVING AGE is constant to the policy laid down by Eliakim Littell, its founder, ninety years ago. It still reflects current European opinion in every field of human activity as represented in reprinted articles from the leading foreign reviews and magazines. This anniversary number reprints half a dozen of the articles that appeared in Littell's sixty and eighty years ago, and the interesting thing about them is that they discuss many of the same problems, political, financial, and economic, that are perplexing the minds of men to-day. Appropriately enough, a new contribution by Robert Littell, a great-grandson of the founder of the periodical, offers an interesting comparison between one of New York's most sensational, popular tabloids and a Moscow paper appealing to a constituency of the same kind. If the founder of THE LIVING AGE could revisit the scene of his labors, from which he departed in 1870, he might well felicitate the present publishers upon the success with which they have kept to the path he marked out.'

IN AN editorial article on the 'Arms Investigation' last month we reproduced a letter from F. C. Hanighen, co-author of *Merchants of Death*, giving THE LIVING AGE credit for having pioneered in this field. Since then two more testimonials to our efforts have been made public. Commenting on 'Scholarly Monthly Looks Back on Its Ninety Years,' *News-Week* reports that the 'greatest feather' in the present editor's editorial cap was 'bringing news of the international armament ring into American print.' Archibald MacLeish, winner of last year's Pulitzer Prize for poetry and a member of the staff of *Fortune*, whose article on 'Arms and the Men' attracted wide attention, also acknowledges the part that we have played in publicizing the armament racket. Writing in the *Nation* of May 23 on the authors of various armament exposés, Mr. MacLeish states: 'In addition, such of them as are Americans have read the excellent reprints of European comments upon the traffic in arms published by Quincy Howe in his LIVING AGE. (Mr. Howe, who has received little credit, is undoubtedly the man most responsible for the entire American campaign.)'

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COMING EVENTS

Austria

KRAKAUDORF. September 5, 'Samsonumzug,' Native Pageant.
SALZBURG. July 22, Automobile and Motorcycle Races; *28–September 2*, Salzburg Festival: Operas, Dramas, Concerts.
SEMMERING. August 26, Bicycle Tournament.
VIENNA. August 5, 12, 15, 19, Horse Races; *September 2–9*, International Fair; *9, 13, 16, 20, 29*, International Horse Races; *15*, International Golf Tournament; *16*, Automobile Races; *30*, Golf Tournament.

Brazil

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. September 7, Independence Day.

Chile

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. September 18, Independence Day.

England

BATH. July 16–21, Summer Polo Tournament at Norton; *18–19*, Racing; *August 22–23*, Racing; *September 5*, Bath Horse Show; *24–25*, Racing.
BEXHILL-ON-SEA. July 23–28, Horse Show; *August 18*, Regatta; *September 3–8*, Lawn Tennis.
BLACKPOOL. August 1–7, Golf Tournament; *September 15–30*, Festival of Light.
BOURNEMOUTH. August 6–11, Bowls Tournament; *September 3–15*, Croquet Tournament.
BRIGHTON. September 5–6, Racing.
BRIXHAM. August 17–18, Royal Regatta.
BUXTON. August 13–18, Lawn Tennis Tournament.
CHESTER. August 30, Cheshire Agricultural Show.
CLOUTSHAM. August 1, Opening Meet of Devon and Somerset Staghounds.
COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT. August 4–11, Cowes and Royal Yacht Squadron Regattas.
DORCHESTER. August 27, 'Dorsetshire Laborers' Centenary Commemorations.
FOLKESTONE. August 13–14, Racing; *September 7–8*, Racing: September Meeting; *10*, Steeplechase.
GREAT YARMOUTH. September 19–20, Racing.
HARROGATE. August 6–7, Agricultural Show.
HASTINGS. August 20–September 1, Bowls Fortnight; *27–September 1*, Lawn Tennis; *September 3–8*, Carnival Week.
KESWICK. August 6, Keswick Sports.
LEEDS. August 20–25, Boys' Open Golf Championship.
LLANDUDNO. July 25–27, Royal Welsh Agricultural Show.
LONDON. July 16–18, Dolmetsch Music Festival at Haslemere; *21*, Athletics: Oxford and Cambridge *v.* Princeton and Cornell at White City; *21, 23, 24*, Davis Cup Inter-Zone Final, Lawn Tennis Matches at Wimbledon; *30–August 4*, International Congress of Anthropological and Ethnological Sciences; *August 9–11*, Athletics: Women's Olympiad at White City; *17–18*, Racing at Windsor; *18, 20, 21, 22*, Cricket: England *v.* Australia at the Oval; *31–September 1*, London Allotments and Gardens Show at New Horticultural Hall; *September 4–5*, Flower Show at New Horticultural Hall; *7–29*, Annual Professional Photographers' Exhibition at Royal Institute Galleries; *8–October 5*, International Exhibition of Photography as applied to Exploration; *18–21*, Professional Prize Golf Tournament at Walton Heath; *19–22*, Royal Horticultural Society's Fruit and Vegetable Show at Crystal Palace.

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MANCHESTER. September 7–8, Racing.
NEATH. August 6–11, Welsh National Eisteddfod.
PAINSWICK. September 30, Clipping the Yews.
STRATFORD-ON-AVON. July 15–September 15, Shakespeare Dramatic Season.
TIDWORTH. August 4, 7–11, Military Searchlight Tattoo.
UXBRIDGE. September 29, Old English Pleasure Fair.

France

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. August 15, Assumption Day.
CONCARNEAU. August 19, Festival of the Blue Nets.
CHARTRES. September 8, National Pilgrimage.
DEAUVILLE. August 26, Grand Prix.
FOURAS. August 5, International Fencing Tournament; *19*, Dramatic Open-Air Performances.
LES ANDELEYS. August 15, Annual Festival and Night Fête.
PARIS. July 28–30, International Women's Congress Against War and Fascism.
SAINTES. August 1–15, Theatrical Performances in Roman Arenas.
SAUMUR. August 15–25, Annual Military Horse Show at the French Cavalry School.

Germany

BADEN-BADEN. July 21–22, Start and Finish of Long-distance Automobile Race; *August 26, 28, 31*, International Horse Races; *30*, Festival Concert.
BAYREUTH. July 22–August 23, Wagner Festival; 'Genius at Work' Exhibition: Wagner Festival.
BERLIN. August 4–19, 'Mö' Furniture Exhibition; *September 7–16*, International Office Furniture Exhibition; *23–26*, Great Grocers' and Caterers' Fair.
COBLENZ. August and September, Saar Exhibition.
COLOGNE. July–August, Exhibition of Mineral Wealth of the Homeland; *September 15–30*, Exhibition: the Healing Forces of Nature; *22–30*, Rhenish Horticultural Exhibition.
DESSAU. September 23–30, Brown Fair.
EISLEBEN. September 16–18, Meadow Market Festival.
FURTH-IM-WALDE. August 12, Performance of Historical Local Play.
FRANKFURT-AM-MAIN. July 17–August 12, Exhibition of Modern Landscape Painting; *September 6–16*, Port-Construction Exhibition.
HAMBURG. September 1–5, Grocers' and Caterers' Exhibition.
HEIDELBERG. August 6–8, Opthalmologists' Congress and Exhibition.
LEIPZIG. August 26–30, Autumn Sample Fair.
MUNICH. July 15–August 20, Wagner and Mozart Festivals.
NUREMBERG. August 30–September 2, Reich Party Congress of the National-Socialist German Workmen's Party.

Ireland

CLONMACNOISE. September 2, Pilgrimage.
CURRAGH. July 25–26, Racing.
DONEGAL. July 15, August 15, Pilgrimage to Lough Derg.
KILLORGLIN. August 10–12, Puck Fair.
LIMERICK. August 24–25, Horse Show; *September 5–6*, Racing.

Scotland

ABERDEEN. September 5–12, Annual Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.
BRAEMAR. September 6, Royal Highland Gathering.
CRIEFF. August 18, Highland Gathering.
IRVINE. August 25, Crowning of Marymass Queen.
ST. ANDREWS. August 13, Golf Tournament; *14*, Lammas Fair; *20*, Scottish Hard-Court Tennis Championships.

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THE GUIDE POST
(Continued)

prisoned by the crew, for offering no resistance.

DR. MATTHIAS KOMOR had the good fortune to attend a fashionable Chinese wedding in Hong Kong. He is endowed with a sense of humor and a gift for writing that make his description of the affair a literary gem as well as a revealing contribution to our knowledge of the Chinese people.

RODA RODA'S description of Spain on strike throws the same kind of light on that country that Dr. Komor throws on China and shows that some Spaniards can take even labor troubles with light hearts. The author is one of the most prolific and popular essayists now writing the German language and corresponds to 'Y. Y.' (Robert Lynd) in England not only because of his humor and his redundant pseudonym but because both men have recently completed their first thousand essays for publication.

THE anonymous document found on the dead body of a British soldier in France and entitled 'To the Deacons' provides a reminder of the so-called 'human' side of war. It is a moving and eloquent piece of literature on its own account, but it never possessed greater timeliness than it does to-day when Germany is secretly equipping a new army, Japan is invading Manchuria, England is adding to her air force, and Roosevelt, wreathed in smiles, reviews the greatest demonstration of American sea power since the War, while the greatest American peace-time building programme is being rushed to completion.

ANNE HARRIS has some fun at the expense of Shakespeare and his scholars. She creates on internal evidence supplied by *Hamlet* the character of Polonius's wife, thus adding still another character to Shakespeare's crowded gallery.

GEORG GLASER'S short story, 'Rotfabrik, Number One,' like our 'Swastika School Days' of a few months ago, is written by a German émigré and based on a real occurrence. This time, however, the scene is laid in a factory, and we see a group of workers bringing a secretly printed newspaper, *Rotfabrik*, to their work and then refusing to come to the aid of their foreman because he had not been sufficiently militant in challenging an order to put women to work on a job that might have cost them their lives.

WE WANT to direct the special attention of our older readers to the sketch of Leopold Weiss in our 'Persons and Personages' department. His essays on Arabia and India have been appearing in THE LIVING AGE off and on for the past ten years, and he now holds the important post of adviser to Ibn Saud on foreign affairs. Although of Jewish blood, he has taken the side of the Arabs in Asia Minor and has adopted Mohammedanism with all the zeal of the convert.

WE HAVE no apologies for the number of items included in our 'Books Abroad' department, which in our opinion is as valuable as any feature in the magazine. We only wish that every month the foreign press provided us with such exceptional fare as R. Palme Dutt's review of James Drennan's book on British Fascism, Joseph Kessel's life of Stavisky, and the new novel by Eugène Dabit, whom our readers will remember as the author of an article, 'The Other Paris,' which was translated here about a year ago.

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